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Poetry.

SENCE LITTLE WESLEY WENT.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Sence little Wesley went the place seems all so strange and still—
W'y, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whip-perwill.
And to think I use to scold him for his ever-lastin' noise,
When I on'y rekollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wish a hundred times a day 'at he'd come trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in!
It 'ud seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument,
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!

Of course, the clock don't tick no louder than it use to do—
Yit now they's times it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st itself in two!
And let a rooster sudden-like crow som'ers clost around,
And seem 's of mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', or the dusk and dews and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but just go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—sence little Wesley's gone!

And then o' nights when mother's settin' up oncommon late,
A-bilin' pears or somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
I'el the moon through the winder won't look like it's a-comin' in a flood,
And things keeps gettin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—
I've ketched myself a-wishin' like—as I clumb on the chiner
To wind the clock as I hev done fer more'n fifty year—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers and our last tears, sence little Wesley's dead!

A LESSON IN BUTTER.

A little maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd go turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called with half made frown—
"Churn slowly!

"Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter,
And it will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter;
For this is a rule wherever you turn
Don't be in a haste whenever you churn—
Churn slowly!

"If you want your butter both nice and sweet,
Don't churn with nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat,
You'll hardly know that you're working;
And when the butter has come you'll say,
'Yes, surely, this is the better way'—
Churn slowly!"

Now all you folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And when you stand at Life's great churn
Let the farmer's words to you turn—
"Churn slowly!"

Our Story Teller.

THE RUNAWAYS.

The same year that Lady Jane Magnus presented her beautiful daughter, Adela, Lord Glencore's only child, at the season. Just of age, of an old family, with vast possessions and a heavy rent roll, swelled by a long minority, the instant the hawklike eye of Lady Jane fell on the young peer a thrill of joy assured her that there stood the husband that Providence had provided for Adela.

Little mattered it to Lady Jane that Lord Glencore was silent, awkward, most painfully shy, given to blush to the very roots of his hair if a woman but addressed the most commonpiace remark to him. Adela had been carefully trained to pin her faith to externals. Besides, as regarding marriages, Lady Jane always arranged these little affairs for her daughters. She had brought out three before the advent of the lovely Adela, and not one of them, she inwardly boasted, had ever reason to fling a syllable of reproach at their mother.

"You think it is all right, mother, do you?" Adela ventured to say, growing a little uneasy when the end of the season drew near and Lord Glencore had never addressed a single remark to her which could by any possibility be construed into love.

"Perfectly right, dear. The society papers have coupled your names together; an approaching marriage has more than once been hinted at, and, as a matter of course, now wherever people ask us he is asked."

"I know; still other people are not the same as he."

"Quite the same. I understand the position perfectly well, my love. Men of his kind would remain silent until doomsday unless a suggestion was made to them."

"Well, but—"

"Dear child, you may leave it to me. Don't you think so?" And an expression of mild reproach was shot from the maternal eye. "Do you honestly think, if I saw the slightest shadow of uncertainty, I should accept Sir Josceiyn's invitation for Goodwood, knowing that Glencore won't be there?"

"Won't he? Why, where is he going?"

"Nowhere. I ascertained that, you may be sure. He is obliged to remain in town. Certain business with his lawyers, he said—and said it in a very pointed way, too."

"Stammering and getting fiery red," said the would-be fiancee, disdainfully.

Lady Jane shook her head. "Never mind the manner; it is the meaning we are concerned in. He joins us immediately after at Thorndean. There you will see that everything will be satisfactorily arranged. Lady Somerton has such a happy way of letting young people be thrown together, and from the first I have seemed to be very much in the way of her."

Adela embraced her mother with graceful effusion.

"How clever you are!" she said admiringly; "you have managed beautifully, for I did not want to enjoy Goodwood free. When I am a Countess, mamma, it shall be very nice for you."

Certainly Goodwood week had left London wonderfully empty. You did not meet a soul you knew.

Lord Glencore repeated this fact to himself most cheerily as he walked along Piccadilly with a heart and a step as light as a bird's.

It seems an impossible circumstance that a stalwart young giant standing over six feet in his stockings, his own master, able to do what he liked and go where he chose, should be in abject thralldom to a plain little middle-aged woman who was bent on compelling him to marry her daughter. "And feel as if I should be made to do it, too," poor Glencore had said of late, driven into his last corner by the congratulations of all of Lady Jane's friends, to say nothing of those horrid paragraphs in those horrid papers, some of which had gone so far as to mention an early date fixed "for the marriage of a lovely debutante of this season and a young Earl recently of age, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror." Glencore had it in his heart to envy the shopmen, the cab drivers, the crossing sweepers—to envy any one not singled out by Lady Jane Magnus to be her son-in-law.

If he could but pluck up courage to say he did not mean anything—that he was quite happy as he was—that he never intended to marry any one—what would he not give! But in face of that terrible Lady Jane and her lovely statuesque daughter he felt paralyzed and filled with a conviction that he would have to succumb. If he had only some one to confide in, some one on whose advice he felt was given for his good; but the poor young fellow stood, as the possessors of vast properties often do, absolutely friendless and alone. His kindly simple nature was despised by those around him. Without parents or any near relatives he had been brought up by strangers, who had surrounded him by such unnecessary cares and ridiculous precautions that now, when he was a man, with full liberty given, he was no more able to make good use of it than a grown-up baby would be.

Full of wild schemes, which had lately come to him, that he was mapping but the details as he walked along, so occupied that he forgot how far he had come, until with a sudden start he pulled himself up. He was passing Albert Hall, close to that pleasant row of houses in one of which lived Lady Jane.

The knowledge that he could walk boldly by and fling a look of defiance at the papered windows and closed shutters as he had done the day before sent a thrill of satisfaction through the young man. He drew himself up and turned head to—when, oh, agony! exactly as he was opposite to it the door opened and a voice called out, "Glencore!"

"Freddy! is it you?" Lord Glencore managed to say, seeing he was addressed by a weasel-faced young gentleman between 16 and 17. "Why, how came you here? Is—s—your mother—Lady Jane—with you?"

Freddy's eyes were apparently so educated that in order to give full expression to one he was forced to shut the other, and regarding Lord Glencore through this single optic he said, "You bet if she was I shouldn't be here."

Glencore's heart seemed restored to his native position. "I'm very glad to see you," he said, closing his hand over the little finger Freddy had extended to him; "it's quite a surprise to me."

"Here, I say," said the astute Freddy significantly, "what's up? How is it you ain't down there with them?"

"Well, I couldn't—I—have—that is—there is some business for me."

Freddy's eyelid went down like the cover of a box.

"Exactly; just so," he said airily, putting his thumbs into his armholes. "My case all over. I'm at my tutor's, you see, so please to remember that it isn't possible for you to have seen me."

Glencore laughed cheerily. "All right," he said; "you are quite safe with me—but what on earth are you up to?"

The question seemed prompted by the sight of a nondescript dog cart just led up to the door. "Are you all by yourself here?"

"There's Harris, my old nurse, and Jim, her husband—our butler he used to be—and Peggy. You know Peg, don't you?"

"Peg? No I don't think I do."

"I say," exclaimed Freddy, isn't it a beastly shame the way they always try to shun her? and she's just as good as anybody. Her father was my father's eldest son, only he married his tutor's daughter, and my lady set the governor on to cut up rough about it. So the poor chap got the kick out, and then he died, and so did his wife, and a jolly good thing for me, too, I should have had to sing small. Only wait till I'm master, though, and if they don't know it by then I'll let them know. She's older than I am, but, all the same, I'm her uncle, and—I say, you'll be her uncle, too, if you marry Ada, and you're going to, ain't you?"

Lord Glencore flushed furiously, and Freddy, taking silence for consent, added with a snort of supreme contempt, "It's a jolly good thing for her I ain't you. Catch me marrying Ada! Oh, yes, rather!"

Not desirous of pushing this topic further Lord Glencore put a question.

"You're not going to drive that," he said, nodding toward the horse, a most vicious-looking screw, "are you?"

"Why not? he's a real good one to go. Come in and see us start; it's capital fun. We'd a regular crowd around us yesterday. Any one else but Peg would have been frighted to death."

Incited by curiosity, Lord Glencore obeyed Freddy's invitation.

"Why need all the front well shut," said Freddy, as he mashaied the way to a den at the far end of the narrow hall. Passing the stairs he gave vent to a shrill whistle, answered by a similar one which might have been taken as its echo.

"Ain't you ready?" was piped up from below.

"Coming," answered a girl's voice, and at the same instance with the word down the flight of stairs, flop on the mat, came a figure which, through the cloud of dust sent up, Lord Glencore surmised must be Peggy.

"I'm so sorry. I thought it was only Freddy—I—" and then, better able to see who stood there, she gave vent to an agonized "Oh, Lord Glencore!" and seemed unable to say more.

Freddy, who was enjoying her confusion to the full, here burst in with "Don't mind him; he's square enough, ain't you?"

"Certainly I am," and then turning to Peggy he said: "I've never had the pleasure of seeing you here, have I?"

"No."

"But you've seen him, haven't you, Peg? And once, don't you remember, when the door opened and I scuttled off and your frock caught and you tumbled down? Oh, I say, what a game! It was a shaver we weren't caught time."

Poor Peggy's face was like a beet root.

"There wasn't anything to see," she said to Lord Glencore, reassuringly; "it really wasn't, for that we looked, but I—I was so curious to know what you were like," and she punctuated violently to Freddy behind Lord Glencore's back.

"What's the harm?" responded the young gentleman, expostulatively. "You'd do the same if you were packed off in a cock-loft of a garret, wouldn't you? That's what they do with her—stick her anywheres out of the way."

"No, Freddy, no," Lord Glencore from out the corner of his eye heard her say, and, hoping to change the conversation, he said:

"I'm afraid I'm making you lose the best of the day. I came to see you start."

Perhaps Peggy fathomed his kind effort, for she looked at him fairly for the first time.

"Yes?" and she gave him a little shy smile.

"Did you?"

"It's very pleasant, a drive out of town now. Where are you going?"

"To Richmond Park," answered the irrepressible Freddy; "would you like to go, too? We'll take you, there's heaps of room behind. Why—why shouldn't he?" This was evidently in answer to more pantomime from Peggy.

"You don't want me—would rather I didn't go?"

Lord Glencore had turned suddenly round and was asking the question of the young girl.

"Oh, no; it isn't that, only I'm afraid—" and here Peggy stopped and blushed furiously. For a wonder Glencore did not catch the complaint. Quite persuasively he said, "But do let me; it's what I should enjoy."

There was an instant's pause, and then they all began laughing; and good fellowship being thus established, some twenty minutes later the three, Lord Glencore behind, Freddy driving and Peggy by his side, were on the road to Richmond.

It might be tedious to retail all the folly that fell from the lips of this trio as under Freddy's guidance, they pursued their way. Their united years did not make up the sober age of 60, and they had the spirits of schoolboys out for a holiday. Lord Glencore had never felt so much at his ease before; none of those who in society knew him, would have recognized him as the same shy individual. The hours flew like minutes. It was 5 o'clock when they thought it 3; and then to have looked at the time would not have occurred to anybody, only that Peggy, heaving a tremendous sigh, had supposed it would soon be time to think of returning home.

The horse that was so good at going, we have omitted to state, had at a certain stage in the journey, which Freddy, by name, showed signs of rebellion. Stir from that door he would not, and Lord Glencore, to cut short the difficulty, had proposed that they should leave the brute there to get a feed while they took a stroll in the park.

Returning from this walk they passed the "Star and Garter."

"I say, a dinner in there wouldn't be half bad fun," said Freddy.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Glencore.

"Why, have you ever been there?"

"Yes, I dined there twice this season with Lady Jane and your sister."

And a chill ran through the young man as he recalled the dreariness of those solemn ordeals.

Oh!" said Freddy, drawing in his back as if about to succumb, while Peggy burst out laughing.

A bright inspiration came suddenly to Glencore.

"Why shouldn't we stop here now," he said, "have dinner and go home after?"

Freddy and Peggy came to a sudden standstill, absolutely dumb with the brilliancy of the proposition.

"That's what we'll do," continued the enthusiastic Glencore; and he made as if to turn in at the door, but Peggy stopped him.

"I don't think we can," and she looked at Freddy, significantly.

"No," came the answer, a trifle crest-fallen. "I expect they wouldn't stand tick in here," was added by way of explanation.

"That isn't of any consequence to you," exclaimed Glncore. "It's as my guests I invite you. Think how often your mother has entertained me!"

"Oh, I'm not proud," laughed the delighted Freddy. "Isn't this first-rate, Peg? Come on."

But Peggy still hesitated.

"I don't know whether I ought—whether it's quite right with you," and though her face was turned to both, her eyes were fixed on Glencore.

"And I your uncle that is," exclaimed Freddy, "and he going to be. Shut up, do."

And, considering this speech to be conclusive, Freddy cut short further discussion by at once turning into the hotel.

Well, if any dinner ever was a success, that one was. What they had, or how the courses came, not one of them knew, but, to quote Freddy, everything was A 1, and plenty of fizz with it. Undoubtedly the fizz set all their tongues running faster than before. Gradually on Freddy it began to have a slightly composing effect, so that the dog cart, having been sent for and brought to the door, he magnanimously insisted that, going home, he would sit behind and leave the ribbons to be handled by Glencore.

The clock struck 9 before they were fairly off, and then Peggy, exclaiming at the lateness of the hour, Glencore said:

"But it won't matter much, will it?"

"No," said Peggy, a trifle bitterly. "Harris knows I'll look after Freddy, and there's no one to bother about what becomes of me."

"You have neither father nor mother, have you?"

Glencore put the question gently, and, not waiting for her answer, went on to tell her that he too had lost his parents when a child, and was, like her, lonely, with no one to care for him.

"Yes," she said, "but you're a man with lots of money, and I'm poor and dependent: and then it's horrid to be a girl. Ever since I can remember I've heard nothing else but all I owe to everybody, as if it was my fault that I owe anything to them. I can't help having been born. Here I am, and until I die here I must stay. Not dependent, though. I've only waited to be taught something. I've had to owe that much to grandmamma."

Lord Glencore remained silent, and, thinking that probably her troubles were of no interest to him, Peggy changed the subject. Directing his attention to Freddy, now silently sleeping, she managed to prop the lad into a more comfortable position, and assented to Lord Glencore's remark that he did not seem to like the rest of the family.

Then silence fell on them, and for a time not a word was spoken. Suddenly, as if from out of what she was thinking, Peggy said abruptly:

"Are you very much in love with Ada?"

"I? I'm not in love with her at all."

"But you're going to marry her?"

"Who says I am?"

"Why, everybody; and grandmamma, I know, means you to."

"I see and that makes you think it quite certain."

Peggy laughed contemptuously. "It wouldn't make it certain with me," she said, "but then seen different; what she chooses they do. Oh, I haven't patience to think of it," and the great brown eyes she turned on Glencore sparkled indignantly. "Why, do you think, unless I loved somebody dearly, I'd marry him to please grandmamma? Never! but that's what I'm as well as I do. She may ill-treat me; but she can't make me do what I won't; I'd die rather. Shall I tell you what I mean to do?"—she was speaking very fast and excitedly—"I mean to run away. You'll promise me not to tell anyone, won't you? I mean to go very soon. Before I can, before they come home. Other girls earn their own livings, so why shouldn't I? I'm not stupid, and I'm awfully strong."

"But where will you go?"

"Oh, I know, but that I don't mean to tell. Perhaps I oughtn't to have said a word about it to you, but I'm slipping out, and you won't betray me, will you? Most of all, don't breathe a word to Ada—she hates me, and—well, there's no disguising it—I hate her. When you're married to her—"

"Which I never shall be," interrupted Lord Glencore decidedly. Peggy faced round and looked her surprise at him.

"Don't look like that at me," he said hastily. "I mean what I say."

"You do? Oh. Im awfully sorry."

"For her or for me?"

"I don't think I was thinking of either of you. It was for myself—there's so few ever care to be kind to me."

"And you think I should be?"

Peggy didn't trust herself to speak, but her head nodded assent.

"Let me tell a secret to you, Peggy"—he quite unconsciously called her by that name. "Do you know I mean to run away, too?"

"You!"

"Yes; only I want somebody to run away with me. Can you guess who?"

"No."

"Somebody I've seen to-day."

"To-day!"

"The eyes of each looked into the other's questioningly.

"Can't you guess who?"

Lord Glencore's voice came tremuously. "Oh, you know," he said, "I see you do."

"Me?" Peggy spoke the word breathlessly.

"Yes, you. You will go won't you? You've no one to care for you, and I have nobody to care for me. Why shouldn't we care for each other? I'd try and make you happy, and I'd certainly be good to you, and in time you might get to—well, to like me, you know."

"In time! why, I like you now."

"You do? Oh, Peggy!"

* * * * * * *

"Say! what's up with you two?" It was Freddy speaking—Freddy, whose very existence they had forgotten, but who, in common with all sleepers, awoke at the very moment he was not wanted to.

"What do you think?" said Gilmore in a whisper. "Had we better tell him?"

"Yes," said Peggy; "up to now my only friend has been Freddy."

So Freddy, thoroughly wide awake now, was desired to lean forward, and between them the two conveyed what it was their intention to do.

"I say, what a chouse for Ada!" roared Freddy delightedly, "but here, you know, you'll have to marry Peggy."

"Certainly—of course; that's what we mean to do."

"Do we?" said Peggy. "Oh, my! why I never thought of that."

"Didn't you?" said Freddy, assuming the air of a mentor, "but I did, though. You must be Lady Glencore before I see the last of you."

"But, Freddy, think of grandmamma; you would get into the most awful trouble. No, it would never do."

"Stuff and nonsense!" and Freddy snapped his fingers. "What, I should like to know, can a couple of women do? Besides, I'm not going to blab on myself—never fear. How can I help it if, while I'm ruralizing with my tutor, you choose to bolt with Glencore?"

Arrived at Thorndean, happy and unsuspecting, Lady Jane and her daughter waited for Lord Gencore in vain. Even to "dear Lady Somerton" not a line had come from him. As every one said, it was so strange, so incomprehensible. "You don't think anything could have happened to him, Lady Jane?"

With a brave spirit worthy of a better woman Lady Jane answered that she did not feel anxious in the least. Lord Glencore had spoken to her of having several most important things to settle, and naturally at times such as these—Lady Jane was forced into a little vagueness of speech—a thousand things cropped up which one had never dreamed of before. Still her heart began to heave misgivings, and her courage to sink a little lower, when all was revived by a paragraph in one of the papers informing all whom it did not concern that Messrs. Bullion & Gold had been intrusted with the family jewels by Lord Glencore with the view of ascertaining which had best be reset to suit their future lovely owner.

"Ada!" Lady Jane signaled to her daughter to follow her, and in their own room she pointed out the notice.

"Mother! oh, I am so glad. I kept on thinking of those jewels. Everbody says the diamonds are more than lovely."

"What a droll creature, though!" exclaimed Lady Jane, "without saying a word to you! I wonder whether he fancies we are getting the trousseau ready."

"I shan't do that, it's so unlucky. I wish he would settle it, though. I want it settled now. Couldn't you write, mamma?"

"My dear, I have written."

"And had no answer?"

"Not a line. Col. Gossett called, as he was asked, at the house in town, and was told that Lord Glencore was away, his address not known, nor when he would return."

"Extraordinary!"

"It is, but we must remember he is a very extraordinary young man."

"Oh, I'm not proud," laughed the delighted Ada sighed lugubriously, "if he wasn't an Earl."

"No, no, no, dear. Never mind. Things of that sort are better not said even to me. In this world we must not expect to have anything, you know; and women are spared a great deal by not being too infatuated with the man they are going to marry."

"Only this is such an awkward position to be placed in. I don't mind so much here, but we are due at the Fallowfields on Thursday, and if he does not turn up there, what then?"

"Oh, I don't mean to wait longer. I shall go to town myself—that is, if we don't hear—and question his majordomo. If there is anything to find out you may safely trust to me."

"It's more than a fortnight now," said Ada, discontentedly.

Lady Jane sighed. "There seems to be nothing else for me than worry."

"What more?"

"Oh, well. I didn't want to bother you, and if everything else was going right I shouldn't let this botner me. It's a letter I had from Harris. She says that Peggy, if you please, has chosen to run from home. Harris hopes I won't worry myself or blame her, as the young lady has had it in her mind for some time. That's gratitude, you know, after all I've done for her."

"I'm sure I should let her be. She'll never come to any good end, that girl. Haven't I always said so?"

"All I hope is she'll take another name; ours is such a peculiar one."

"And if Glencore came to know it might be very unpleasant for me."

"Oh, that need in no way give you any trouble. Be very certain there is some one objectionable in every family. Of course some inquiries will have to be made, but, beyond telling Harris to keep the thing quiet, I can't at present take any steps in the matter."

"Very likely she's back again by this time."

"I should't wonder," said Lady Jane absently; and then, after a moment's pause, she added: "I've been thinking. Suppose before we go to Fallowfields I write to them, and manage to bring in something about whether they expected Glencore. It's just possible that they may have heard from him."

Ada considered this an excellent idea, and Lady Jane put it at once into execution, managing to insert a question of apparently burning interest which needed an immediate reply.

The reply came, and in a postscript the writer was so sorry that Lord Glencore was prevented from coming to them, fearing it might be a disappointment to Ada.

"My dear," said Lady Jane, "I must go to town. I'm sure sorry Lady Somerton will guess why, although I shall invent some reason to give her I fear I was indiscreet in losing sight of this young man, but don't despair; nothing is beyond remedy. If I can only find out where he is, rest assured this will never happen again."

"I always thought you were too sanguine," said Ada, ready to vent her displeasure on everybody. "I don't believe he ever wanted to marry me, only you would have it he did."

Lady Jane went to London, was absent a week, and then returned a sadder but not wiser women. Not a trace could she find of Glencore, not a word had she heard of him.

"And, Peggy," said Ada, "what about her?"

"Not a syllable. She had been gone a week and more before Harris wrote to me. It seems, however, in planned thing. She had in her mind at least a year."

"I wonder," said Ada, "will he ever turn up again?" Her thoughts had reverted to Lord Glencore.

"Of course he will," said Lady Jane decidedly, "and we must profit by the lesson we have learned, my dear. Write him, my dear, and tell Stevens to come to me. I have a trying ordeal before me to answer all the questions the people here will put. I heard them in fits of laughter over their afternoon tea. I begged Lady Somerton to excuse me until dinner. I really don't feel as if I could face them then. Ada, Ada," and Lady Jane nodded her head mournfully, "perhaps some day, when you have daughters of your own, you may know. Talk of martyrs. You have only to look at mothers."

That evening when Lady Jane joined the guests assembled in the drawing room she noticed a new face in the crowd, a man with an air of inquiry. It had been agreed, at the request of the hostess, that not a word on a subject uppermost in the minds of all of them should be mentioned until after dinner. Poor Lady Jane, sitting in a fool's paradise, actually fancied the object of her absence had been to surprise them, and with a sigh of relief she was about to explode, and Lady Somerton, nettled at the want of confidence shown, was the one to set the match. Advancing to the comfortable arm chair in which, the ladies having returned to the drawing room, her smiling guest was reclining, she said:

"Of course, dear Lady Jane, you have seen the announcement in the *Times* of to-day?"

"No, indeed: I waited until I got here to look at the paper," and she stretched out her hand languidly. "Anything of interest?"

"To you, yes, of great interest. I should say. Listen. 'On the 12th of September, at St. Simon's church, Battlesea, Peggy, only child of the late Wynford Magnus, esq., to Harrold William, tenth Earl of Glencore.'"

Ada gave a bound.

"Peggy!" she shrieked. "Mother. Oh!"

"But Lady Jane interrupted her. With a supreme effort the modern martyr rose to the occasion.

"Be calm, dear child," she said. "See what your coldness has driven him to. However, poor fellow, in spite of this disappointment, he was determined, it seems, to marry one of the family."

ON THE JAPANESE COAST.

Picturesque Fisher Girls and Fisher Boys —Novelty on the Beach.

The artists who crowd to the Breton and Normau coasts in such numbers that they are said to be sitting elbow to elbow all along the beach in the summer months would find quite as picturesque fisher girls and fisher boys, ancient marines and battered crafts to immortalize on the Japanese coast, with the added charm of novelty in the figures and surroundings.

Barelegged fisher maidens, with blue cotton kerchiefs tied over their heads and baskets on their backs, roam the beach by scores; children dash in and out of the edges of the lapping waves, and babies rolled contentedly in the sand. Men and boys wade to and fro in the water and take whole drenchings from the breakers, and are surt bathing all day long with the thermometer not touching 50 degrees in spite of the warm sun.

With fingers, sticks and rakes they gather up the slippery brown weeds and toss them into their baskets. The women separate the catch on shore, and spread out on the sand the species most esteemed as food, and at times regale their lords with cups of hot tea, bowls of rice and shredded fish.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

White Hose and Cheap Shoes.

I was in a State street shoe store yesterday when two ladies seated themselves and asked to be shown shoes, of course. A young man waited upon one of the ladies. A moment later he came to the proprietor, with whom I was talking, and said: "She has white hose." The proprietor made a reply that I did not quite understand, and the clerk departed. I returned to ask why it was that the clerk had made such an observation. "It is one of the tricks of the trade," answered the head of the concern. "A woman who will wear white hosiery don't wear fine shoes. You can gamble on that every time and win. So we know about what class of goods to show her and thus save time. I don't know whether you know it or not, as such matters do not interest out iders, but we can tell by the sort of hosiery a woman wears what price shoes she wants. Now, take a woman who wears black silk hosiery or black ballbrigan—she wants the very best shoe, as a rule, that there is in the house. I have made a study of this for years, and I am away up on the subject, I can tell you. Another thing I have noticed—a woman who wears black hosiery generally has small feet. That reminds me that the average foot of the Chicago lady—I mean good stock, the aristocrats—is not small, but long and slender."—*Chicago Mail.*

Had a Rope on His Neck, Too.

Visitor (to Montana widow)—And you say your husband met his death by falling off a scaffold?

Montana widow—Yes; poor John!

Visitor—How far did he fall?

Montana widow—Er—o, the fall was about three feet, I think.—*Judge.*

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

It was fascinating to Henry to watch the serving out of thousands of loaves of fresh white bread, by quick handed, sharp-eyed Yankees, trained to similar business in the war, and to see the motley picture of life in the great barracks where every sort of occupation was going on. Men were at play, wrestling or pitching quoits to pass the time; women nursing their babies, combing their children's hair, washing handkerchiefs, doing a bit of mending or sitting on the floor chatting, some sick, some well, but all tired to distraction of the monotony and the cramped quarters in which they found themselves. One of the men showed Henry to the hospital quarters, where clean, coarse beds and a doctor were provided for the sick, and their friends were allowed to nurse them. When he saw a thin, gaunt woman with her tired arms waiking with a sick child, and reeling with fatigue. Henry could bear the sight no longer. His arms took the sick child and hushed it, brought water in the tin basin to bathe its grimed and dusty body—then brought tea for the wasted woman, and talked to her comfortably and soothingly, till the set, tanned face relaxed its tension and she began to think that perhaps they would not be left to die in Omaha after all. He found work in making his ready eye and clever hands of use among the poor creatures, whose life's babe was their shiftlessness and ignorance of how to use such conveniences as they had, and in so doing he sowed rich seed of comfort for his own weary waiting.

Coming day by day with some things an old woman had asked him to get her from town, he found a party that had strolled down to see the barracks out of curiosity. They were the stout Chicago man and his wife, and the young lady in the ashes-of-roses dress. Henry could not help seeing that they set him down as one of the emigrants of the better sort, and he set his lip as he busied himself among the children. One of the two yellow wooden rocking chairs in the room was taken by a miserable, blue-faced woman, with hardly sufficient strength to hold her baby two weeks old. A boy of three, just breeched, was sobbing piteously around his mother for comfort, but she had neither touch nor look to spare him as she leaned back in faint misery. The poor little fellow, with his baby-right quite taken away, tired out, lay down on the floor, his little arms clasping her ankle, and his tear-stained cheek laid on her bare instep.

"Got mother," he said to himself in comfort.

"You poor little soul," Henry heard in tones choked with pity, and turning saw the lady of his fancies near a group in the yellow rocking-chair, with tears washing her cheeks in genuine womanly sympathy.

"Is there nothing in the world I can do for you?" she asked as gently as if the poor "cracker" had been her sister. Her whole heart went out at sight of the woman's misery around her.

"I'm clean worn out," murmured the poor creature. "If I could only jest die and go easy."

"She wants something strengthening," said one of the women, who crowded near in curiosity, unable to help. "She wan't fit to travel no how. Baby wasn't ten days old when she sot out."

The lady's face paled, and her heart stood still in pity.

"If I could only get some wine," she said, looking round, "but it is so far up town, and I cannot walk."

"There's wine in the depot restaurant," the women told her, but none of them could think of getting it at two dollars a bottle. Marion Winter started resolutely after it.

"The wine is all sold at the bar." Henry said, now stepping towards her. "You can not go there alone. Shall I find the gentleman who was with you?"

"Thank you," she said, reassured by his grave, respectful courtesy, not too ready to thrust itself upon her. "I do not see Mr. Hegeman here. He left us a moment ago to look at the men outside, and I want to give this poor woman something, she is nearly faint."

Henry was rejoiced that politeness allowed him to do nothing less than to offer to get it for her. The restaurant was in the depot proper, a hundred rods away.

"Oh, thank you," she cried, as if he had done her the greatest favor in the world, delicately putting her pocket book toward him.

"When I come back," said Henry, but he was pleased that she could so instinctively trust him in spite of his homely air.

The women felt that a friend had come among them, and began to show her the rude courtesy in their power. They found a seat for her, and she had tact to thank them and take it a few moments, when she could keep it no longer, and she took one old crone by the shoulders and gently put her into it. The better class of mothers began apologizing for the appearance of their children, and sighed out their miseries in a reserved patient way.

"We've had no way to wash for most two weeks but in the tin basins, and it seems as if we didn't know our own selves," sighed the elean, neat, Scotch-Irish housekeepers, used to keeping their floors and linen spotlessly clean, and feeling the horrors of their dirty, crowded position as the better dressed women. Just imagine yourself obliged to travel two weeks in the grime and smoke with no chance for cleanliness but the rusty basin and tank of emigrant cars and depots, herded with all nationalities, clean and unclean, by day and night, with no place to lie down or stretch your weary limbs at full length, burdened with children tortured and frantic" with feverish fatigue, doomed to wait weeks in the same dull, crowded fashion. They were lucky to have a roof over their heads and food for their mouths, for it was more than many of them could have paid for, but it made other needs no less intolerable. Marion Winter found the dirt and foul smells almost insupportable, and she was moved when an old woman drew her own dress away, lest it should soil the fresh silk trimmings of her neighbor.

"I'm not used to being so myself," the woman said, with inborn politeness, "and I would not like ye to carry away any such token of us."

"I shall try and be as patient as you all are," she said, genuinely, "when I get into my own troubles."

"Good save you from any such," said the woman, impressively. "You don't look to be born for such things."

The strange young lady stopped at that, looking into the shrewd old eyes with deep, wofnl earnestness, as if she forgot herself.

"Ah! ye knew the taste of grief yourself by that look," said the old woman with dignity that rose above her surroundings. "You young to be so heart-struck," she said with awe in her voice.

The proud lip quivered but no tear came to the steady, mournful eyes. A hushed cry broke from her.

"I have lost all but my life, and it is the worst trouble that I cannot lose that."

"Ay, that's true. Ye feel it. But I tell ye, and perhaps I haven't known all that comes to a woman, that every tear ye shed for others'll wash your own grief away, and every stroke you do for pity will bring comfort to your own heart, and when you have spent yourself for others, your own'll come to you again. Mind what I tell ye."

Her words fell with the impassioned weight that sixty years of sorrow and toiling, enduring and working bring in this world. Marion bowed, but her mute lips refused belief.

Henry, just come with the wine, could not help hearing the last words. He brought a bottle of California port pure and strong, which he put into Marion's hands, and busied himself finding something to drink from. They poured the generous liquid into a child's tin cup, and saw it bring the color to her face, helping each other without thought of being strangers, in the common movement of charity. Raising her eyes with pleasure at her patient's relief, Marion found the same quiet, heartfelt delight in her neighbor's face; and what gave her immediate security in his company, he was not looking at her, but was as wrapped up in the sufferer as she herself had been for the moment She remembered her debt.

"How much was the wine?" she asked, holding out a five dollar bill.

Henry hesitated; he would have liked to pay for it himself, but he could not when his mother and Eunice were working for comforts he could not give them, and he might want the two dollars for bread before he got through. Besides, she as a lady, would hardly wish to owe her charity to a stranger. With a matter-of-course air he counted out the change, not knowing that Marion Winter read his hesitation, and that she had a very good opinion of him for it.

When Miss Winter wanted to go, it was found her cousins had missed her, in the crowd, and Henry had to take her first to the depot and then to the hotel, for the endless dusty streets are amply provided with resorts for laving the dust in one's throat, and the wild, frontier man however much he may excel the rest of civilization in chivalry when in his sober senses, is, when half full of raw whisky, as unpleasant a creature as a woman dreads to meet.

With pleasant talk, they walked slowly up the main street of the town. And there was the hotel, and her cousin smoking in front, and her escort was off before she could thank him. That stupid cousin could stroll and smoke all over town without finding half so much to tell as this young man, and she felt vexed with the solid Mr. Hegeman for it. As for Henry, he was relieved to see her known such delicate, charming women as his new acquaintance, whose name he did not know, on equal terms, and a new ambition crept into his dreams.

The next day he was at the depot early, and found enough to keep him there. An emigrant was down with the fever, and his frightened young wife and children gathered about him in one of the rooms partitioned off for the sick—the sickness made doubly fearful by the dearth of the commonest conveniences that are a matter of course at home. There was not a rag on which to spread a blister, or cloth to bathe the face, hardly a newspaper to shade the one window where the sun blazed in his eyes. The rough men about were willing to do anything, to go anywhere when they were wanted, but not one of them knew what to do or how to ask for what was wanted. The doctor and Henry went off to town like a whirlwind to ask for cotton and flannel, and Henry, and as soon as they were back the doctor set Henry to rubbing a rheumatic patient with flannels and hot lotions, while he went to see a boy who had been complaining of sore throat.

He came out in five minutes looking very grave.

"Where you been in there?" he asked of Henry. "Well, don't do it again. That fellow has putrid sore throat, and we've got our own old time to keep it from spreading. Once in this lot, and it would carry them off like sheep. They mustn't know it either, or they will go wild with the fear of it. It would make a riot down there," pointing to the quarters below, where thousands of men, women and children were gathered.

It was enough to make the chills run through a man's blood, to think of a contagious disease breaking out there in the warm, sultry spring weather, upon them. No wonder the doctor looked as if he had the cares of the Pacific road upon his shoulders. Even the ignorant mother at the boy's side was not allowed to know the real nature of the disease, or she would have been screaming with terror, and if the men below knew that they and their families were in close quarters with such a pestilence, it was small odds but they would have turned the youth from his bed and not suffered him to die among them. Shut up an ignorant mob in the presence of such danger and they are an ugly element to have in reach of a city. Nothing could be done for the present, but to station an employ to watch the passage, and prevent any one from entering or going out of a certain door, which he was to wait on, "for fear of disturbing the patient," the doctor said. He did not dare to tell the real reason.

Henry had been working over his rheumatic for an hour, and stepped out to get a breath of air not flavored with arnica and hartshorn, when he saw Miss Winter come down the passage with a basket of oranges which she was distributing. Henry could not help thinking she was changed from the day before. The color that rose in her cheeks and the lightness in her dark eyes were gone and in their stead, were traced the dark circles under her eyes, and the shadows in the pallid face which to the experienced betray exhausting vigil with tears and passion. She went into one room after another, as if doing her errands mechanically, and unable to say to soothe the sufferers as she had felt like doing the day before. Henry was just turning away, when he saw that the man on guard had left his post for the other end of the room. The next room Miss Winter would enter held the dangerous patient. Had she been warned below, or would she try to go in, before help could see her? Henry was nearest, but her hand was already on the latch when he was beside her.

"Don't go in there. It is a very sick case, and the doctor does not wish him disturbed."

"Is it the boy with the sore throat?" she asked. "One of the women was telling me of him below. She said his mother had been nursing him three days, and was almost worn out."

The walls about them were single thicknesses of rough pine boards, and the hard, hoarse breathing of the boy was heard, and the weary, heart sinking cry of his poor mother. Miss Winter's hand was on the latch, and at the sound she hesitated no longer. "She can be helped," she said, with a strange accent. "I must go in."

Quicker than she could lift the latch, a strong young arm was thrust between her and the door, and Henry Brooks was gazing into her eyes with horror.

"Don't go in there," he cried, in a sharp whisper, "keep back; there is putrid sore throat."

"What then?" she asked, as if she did not quite understand the warning.

"It is catching: If you take it you will die," he whispered, not exactly knowing what he was saying.

The woeful eyes took a startling light, a sudden look of relief came into her face, and it steadier grew. She opened the door and was marching straight in.

"So much the better," Henry heard her say to herself.

A woman, fair enough to move all who came near her, young, with the d

Recent Literature.

VOLUMES BOTH GRAVE AND GAY.

A Drama by Renan—On Deck—Ask Her, Man! Ask Her!—Ballads and Rondeaus—The Old Northwest—Adelaide Ristori—A New Robinson Crusoe—France and the Confederate Navy—The Holy Land and the Bible—New Music—Literary Notes.

The appearance of the author of the "Life of Jesus" before the public as the writer of a drama was a startling surprise to the literary world of Paris. It is entitled "The Abbess of Jouarre." The scene is laid in the time of the first French Revolution and the lights and shadows cast upon this great historic event give it a vivid reality. The drama was not written for the stage. No attempt has been made to produce it in France, though it was, we believe, played in one of the small towns of Italy. The plot is decidedly original. We do not know of any play, ancient or modern, where the same idea is developed, and anyone, who is eager for a new sensation, will not fail to find it in this work. The translation is carefully and well done. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"On Deck; or, Advice to a Young Corinthian Yachtsman," by T. Robinson Warren, is also published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. Mr. Warren although at sea many years professionally, has likewise been largely identified with Wall street, and has become greatly interested in the success of Corinthian yachting, which he thinks is more than a mere Summer's pastime. He sees in it the nucleus of a Marine Militia which will in due time become a most important arm of National defense; indeed the main object of his book is to exploit this theory.

"Ask Her, Man! Ask Her!" is a novel by A. B. Boker, from the same house. The author is a prominent operator in stocks who has turned his attention in a dull season to story writing, and the result is a book with the above title. It is bright and entertaining. Wall Street, yachting, European travel, and New York life, being lightly sketched. The author's *nom de plume* is A. B. Roker.

"Ballads and Rondeaus, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles, etc., selected, with a Chapter on the Various Forms," by Gleason White, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The very comprehensive introduction covering nearly 80 pages gives a sketch of the poetical forms illustrated, showing that they are chiefly French and identified with early Provencal literature. It also gives a careful description of the construction of each form, and its varieties, and an account of the writers who have made use of them. The poems of the dainty little volume, which embraces both American and English poets, were chosen, the compiler states, for several reasons—"some for their intrinsic excellence, some as examples of pure form, some for their bold attempts to produce variations from the typical models."

"The Old Northwest, with a view of the Thirteen Colonies as Constituted by the Royal Charters," by B. A. Hinsdale, Ph D, is published by Townsend Mac Coun, New York. It is the history of a part of the country in which occurred many things of great interest. It was the theatre of one of the most brilliant and far reaching military exploits of the Revolution. It is one of the most important parts of the country, and has, the author says, changed more than any other in the same length of time. A great many quotations from original documents are made, which add to the value of the book. It is nicely printed and well bound.

In the "Famous Women" series, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, comes the autobiography of "Adelaide Ristori." No one can read these details of the life of this great queen of tragedy written by herself without absorbing interest. The style is easy and flowing, and she details so many incidents, some of them tragic or pathetic and others laughable, all occurring in her travels to the many places or in the cities where she appeared that the reader finds the work as entertaining as a novel. Her conception of the parts in which she distinguished herself is given in full.

"A New Robinson Crusoe," by W. L. Alden, is from the press of Harper & Brothers, New York. It is a very pretty story, which will find many readers among the boys, who will be both amused and interested. There is a great deal of humor underlying the story, which adds a zest to the incidents.

"France and the Confederate Navy," (1862 1868) is further described upon the title page as an international episode. The author is John Bigelow, and he describes one of the most important events of the season of the conspiracy which forms the subject of his narrative been carried out, the result of the war might have been very different. The story is of the tempting of the French Emperor by the agents of the Confederate Government to authorize the construction in the dockyards of France of several vessels of war more formidable than any afloat. The book gives the details of the whole affair and of the means by which its carrying out was prevented. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The same house sends out a new and revised edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," which is already such a favorite of the reading public. Brief but yet clear, it gives all of the leading events with their political bearing so that no one could fail of gaining a distinct understanding of the history of the mother country.

"The Holy Land and the Bible." A book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine. By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. Published by John B. Alden, New York. This work published in two volumes with over 200 illustrations is worthy of a place in any library. The author is one of the most popular religious writers in our language. He gives with richness of style and vividness of word-picturing, a view of the Palestine of to-day; and with lightning-like insight into the past, illuminates the history that belongs to every spot of this old land. Trained in critical scholarship, and ever wary amid the quicksand of a tradition-soaked ground, he is not easily taken in by fantastic legends and pious but anachronistic frauds. He shows that, at its very best, Palestine could never have been worth what a single shire in England is now. The work is a most interesting one in every respect.

In the Globe Library issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, are the two novels pamphlet, "Chris," by W. E. Norris, the author of "My Friend Jim," etc., and "The Partners, or Fromont, jr., and Risley, sr.," by Alphonse Daudet, both entertaining stories.

LITERARY NOTES.

Julian Hawthorne has charge of the literary department of the new Chicago weekly, *America*.

At a recent book sale in Boston a copy of Carlyle's "Emerson, Past and Present," brought $104.

Julian Hawthorne says in *America* that he never saw his father in the act of composition—no one ever did.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish at once Mr. Howard Seeley's new novel, called "A Daphne of the Foothills."

Mr. Howell's new heroine, Annie Kilburn is said to be a charming New England girl, whose story is lived in a modern New England town.

H. Pembroke, Salt Lake City, has in press an edition of the "Compiled Laws of Utah," to be issued in two volumes during the summer.

The Clarendon Press will publish a catalogue of the Mohammedan coins in the Bodleian library, compiled by Stanley Lane-Poole.

The American Tract Society intend publishing at an early date, from the English, "Life of St. Paul," by Rev. James Stalker, M. A.

Oscar Wilde is about to publish "Five Fairy Tales." Walter Crane has made the illustrations for the book.

Carrie Bragg, editor of the *Virginia Lariat*, Petersburg, is the only colored woman thus employed in the United States.

Harper & Bros. will soon publish a book by Edwards Roberts descriptive of a journey from Omaha through Colorado, Idaho, and the Yellowstone Park, which will be fully illustrated.

The admission of Gen. Wallace's "Ben Hur" into the Tauchnitz series is not more an honor than a necessity to the completeness of this admirable library of fiction in English.

F. A. Stokes & Bro. announce a work compiled from contemporary journals and other original sources, by Harold Fulton Ralphdon, which is to be called "The Age of Cleveland."

It is announced that Robert Browning has completed the first part of his reminiscences, including an interesting account of the early life of Mrs. Browning.

A treatise upon modern printing machinery is announced by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The work is written by Mr. Frederick J. Wilson and Mr. D. Gray, the one a practical printer and the other an engineer.

Henry James's story, in four parts, which will begin in *Scribner's* for June, under the title, "A London Life," presents certain phases of London social life. Several of the leading characters are American.

Edith Thomas, whose home is now in New York with her sister, is said by a correspondent to have one of the most striking faces ever bestowed upon a woman. Not beautiful nor handsome, it is yet "gloriously radiant in its refined intelligence."

Lady Brassey is said to have left sufficient materials in ms. to make up a volume descriptive of her last voyage, which she herself was never destined to complete. It will be published early in the autumn, with abundant illustrations by Longmans, Green & Co.

Professor Herkomer's picture of the late Mrs. Craik will be exhibited at the next Academy in London. The author of "John Halifax" sat for the artist shortly before her death. The grave, aged, gentle lady is depicted with that calm and simple dignity of mien which was so particularly her charm to the last.

A country journalist in England—a lady—while reading "She" noticed two grammatical blunders and wrote to Mr. Rider Haggard about them. Marvel of marvels! in a few days the author replied thanking her for the trouble she had taken and enclosing a check for a guinea as a reward.

Mrs. Stowe has denied the statement that the material for an authorized biography of herself has been placed in the hands of Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray. The Rev. C. E. Stowe, of Hartford, will have charge of the preparation of the biography, and he has been at work classifying and arranging documents for some years past.

The D. Lothrop Co. have nearly ready "Tilting at Windmills," by Emma M. Connelly, said to be a strong story of life in Kentucky during the period of reconstruction after the civil war. The hero is a typical Boston man, very much in love with the heroine, a typical Southern woman, and the plot offers great possibilities to treat of many of the problems of American life both North and South.

UGLY BILL KNOCKED OUT.

The Hero of Twenty-two Encounters Suddenly Succumbs.

The man of whom we write called himself Ugly Bill, and he was looked upon as a desperate character generally. He dressed in buckskin, wore his hair long and sported a Mexican sombrero of the most pronounced type. It was reported and widely believed that he had killed twenty-two men in single-handed encounters and was a dead shot. Wherever he went he was followed by a crowd of admiring boys, while inoffensive pedestrians opened a wide path for him, stepping quite off the sidewalk frequently to let him pass, for it would be like taking one's life in one's hands to get in the way of so desperate a man as Ugly Bill.

It wasn't known at first what his business in Austin was, but it finally leaked out that he was recruiting for an expedition to the gold mines of Alaska. His headquarters were in the rear of a lager beer saloon, and all day long he was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, listening to his tales of wild adventure in Alaska, every foot of which he claimed to be acquainted with. Revolvers and bowie knives seemed to have been his playthings from the cradle, and his chief diversion fighting a dozen assailants alone and unsupported, always coming off victor. In the presence of Ugly Bill the oldest grew respectful, and the loudest-mouthed and most aggressive assumed a mildness though they had it not.

Rather late one night a new recruit for the Alaska expedition was passing down a back street, when he saw the buckskinned form of his bold commander approaching. He didn't move with the defiant swagger which characterized him when parading in front of his headquarters, but there was a hesitating sneak about his movements, like a truant school boy approaching the paternal mansion. His step was unsteady, and it was apparent that he was heavily loaded with beer. He paused in front of a humble dwelling, and approaching the door knocked timidly. It opened suddenly and disclosed a woman with a lamp in her hand and fire in her eye. The new recruit dodged behind a tree box and overheard the following:

"So you've come home at last have ye, you lazy loafer, and drunk again. How long do ye s'pose I'm goin' to put up with the sort of thing, keepin' supper till 2 o'clock in the mornin'? This business is about played out, Jim Jones. Here you've been loafin' about your headquarters, as you call 'em, for weeks, pretendin' to get up an expedition to Alaska, but I don't see any money in it, only beer. And you don't do nothin' but strut about in your buckskin breeches and slouch hat, callin' yourself Ugly Bill, when you are only plain Jim Jones, and you know it. Killed men, eh? when you haven't spunk enough to kill a flea. You may fool suckers, Jim, but you can't fool your wife—not much. Pretty Injun fighter you'd make, wouldn't ye? A man that never forgot anything but a free lunch table. You'd better give up you Alaska recruiting and subside into you reg'lar occupation, mending old umbrellas."

And the new recruit, stupefied with amazement, saw her seize the long-haired desperado by the ear, lead him into the house and slam the door. The Alaska headquarters were never opened again.—*Texas Siftings.*

STRICT DISCIPLINE.

How the Late Prince Imperial of France Was Ruled.

Princes, as well as ordinary boys, are subject to rigid discipline at the hands of a tutor or teacher. A gentleman who attended a children's party in Paris during the reign of Napoleon III., says an elderly man, dressed in a blue coat, with brass buttons, was standing near him watching the play of the youngsters. This man had a wearied expression, but he laughed heartily at the airs and capers of the children. Presently one of the boys in the party approached him.

"Having a good time?" asked the man of the boy.

"Oh, yes, papa; but he says we must be home at 12, and it's half-past 11 now."

The father twisted his moustache a moment, and then said in a low tone: "See here, my boy, go find your cap and bring it to me. I'll hide it in my pocket, and while they are hunting for it, you can enjoy yourself a little longer."

"Oh, that will not do any good, papa," said the boy sadly; "you know we've tried that before and he has found it out, and always carries another cap in his overcoat pocket."

"Then, Lulu, I'm afraid we'll have to go together. They've given me orders, too, to go to bed at 12 o'clock to-night."

So the father and son headed side by side in perfect docility, the inflexible he standing with the extra cap in hand ready for tricks.

The man in the blue coat was Napoleon III., Emperor of France, and the boy the Prince Imperial. "He" was Gen. Frossard, the Prince's rigid tutor. He ordered his pupil, but he expected perfect obedience to orders.

Confidence Given and Invited.

A very pretty little girl, only 3 years old, attracted the attention of passengers in a New York train for this city the other day, and finally one gentleman succeeded in getting her upon his knees. "Where are you going, sissy?" he inquired. "I'm doin' to Hartford," said the child, adding eagerly: "I've dot on a new pair of flannel drawers! Did you ever have a pair of flannel drawers?" Further inquiries were smothered in the laughter of everybody within hearing.—*Hartford Times.*

What She Would Be.

Harold—"I love you, Mabel. Will you be—er—my sister?"

Mabel (absently)—"That can never be, Harold; but I will always be a wife to you."

The engagement is announced.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It must be a very disagreeable thing to have a "double" walking around the same town in which one lives, more especially if he should be inclined to do things which are not according to one's own sense of propriety. The Prince of Wales has a "double" in the person of a clerk in the Foreign Office. The latter dresses like the Prince, imitates his manner and is altogether so like him in appearance that the guard at St. James Palace presents arms and people lift their hats to him as he passes. Mrs. Cleveland is afflicted, it is said, in the same way in Washington, and some of the queer doings reported of the President's wife through the papers are really the actions, proper perhaps, in an unknown and unassuming private woman, of her "double." It would be pleasant to know that Mrs. Cleveland's "double" was the one who treated Mrs. Grant with such marked discourtesy, and also Mrs. Foraker, and not herself.

The number of servants in attendance upon a dinner table with many people marks the degree of style attained, and that is true both in this country and England. These attendants are supposed to be deaf and blind to whatever may be said or done, and in England where they have been for years in the same family, they do seem to feel a responsibility in regard to the matter of guarding from the public whatever needs to be so guarded. In Paris, however, a very different sort of feeling prevails. Masters and mistresses dread the criticisms of their servants, and its avoidance is made a matter of study. Recently, it is said, is now being used "to enable persons of wealth at *dinners intimes* to do without the waiter or the *maitre d'hotel*. A miniature railway is laid down on the dinner table and continued on the same level into the kitchen through the aperture in the wall and an intermediate pantry. Dishes come in and after making the round of the table, go out in a sort of small truck moved by electricity. The truck at any moment can be made to stop. It does its work admirably as a dumb waiter, and any amount of art may be lavished on it to give it decorative beauty.

"When the springtide o'er the hills is seen,
And the trees first don their garb of green,"

is the time when the attention of every man, woman and child is turned to the consideration of their spring garments. There is always something in the clean, pure air of the first spring days that makes one long to cast off winter's furs and flannel and put on a "spic and span" costume. Nature clothes herself afresh, and human nature is ever prone to follow her example and cast off the sombre garments impregnated with winter's frosts and cold, which make one feel untidy and like a blot upon the face of the rejuvenated earth. The consciousness of being well and appropriately dressed always gives a sense of self possession and equality with the rest of mankind. And why should not people put on fresh apparel when old mother earth has set the example by appearing with the newest and brightest of coverings? It is to be hoped the custom of providing new spring suits when the season comes will never die out. Outward appearances have much to do with the inner consciousness and there should be tokens of the spring tide in the heart as well as in the draperies of our garments and newness and freshness in every surrounding when "the buds are all a bustin' and the woods a gettin' green.

Puck has the following way of looking at the Spring:

Within the pine the robin sings,
The plaintive song of breezy May;
I feel, the while I list his lay,
The joys of half-forgotten springs.

I watch the shy wild roses bud,
As through the wood I fondly pass
For "pickery" and sassafras
With which to regulate my blood.

It has become quite a fashionable thing to be poverty-stricken. Not real bitter, biting poverty, of course, but it is a new caprice for the wealthy people of fashion to indulge in frugality. Human nature is prone to excesses, and when a very contrast between the lavish display and modest expenditure proves a refreshing change to Croesus's daughters. The ladies at "the hub" have been giving a series of twelve-dollar dinners. It is a rule that the *menu* is not to exceed that sum in cost, and often the dinner becomes a puzzle. It is an easy enough matter to provide an entertainment at an unlimited cost, but where it is necessary to confine it within a certain amount, the hostess finds more difficulty.

At a recent dinner of this sort, though the actual cost of the viands came within the twelve dollars, the table furnishings glittered with unusual magnificence, while an elaborate menu was described in this way: "Invitations printed on straw board and inclosed in cheap yellow envelopes are circulated. Tickets for the ball are 46 cents and supper 19 cents. No gentleman is allowed to participate who has less than two patches on his clothes. The ladies are dressed in calico, and refreshments are served on wooden plates."

It would seem as though this might be a beneficial one to those who are not blessed with a large portion of this world's goods. But after all it is only a farce and when it becomes stern reality ceases to be fashionable.

Lovers of Shakespeare cannot fail to be interested in the Memorial Library at Birmingham, England. It contains 8,000 volumes, among them the first folio editions of the poet's works. In 1860 a Shakespeare catalogue of all known editions was printed, and as much had been made after a very thorough search wherever there was a possibility of any being hidden, it was supposed to be complete. Since then, however, 40 or 50 have been discovered of which there was no record, and these are now to be found in the Memorial Library. There are still 218 editions wanted, which it is the object of the Library to secure. Another Shakesperean Memorial Library is now being collected at Stratford. Neither of these libraries will lose their value, even though Ignatius Donnelly should succeed in convincing the world that Shapespeare isn't Shakespeare, but Bacon.

In the luxurious flower world of Australia is found a remarkable plant called the judyah flower. In some places acres are covered with this plant, making the ground look as if it were spread with a delicate pink carpet. The peculiarity of the judyah flower is that all around the stem from its foot are found little water bottles, varying from half an inch to two inches in length. The contents of this vegetable water bottle, is a reddish liquid, having the appearance of thin blood. Sheep are very fond of the strange plant, and may be turned out to graze in a country where it is thickly growing, and never see water for months. In fact, after a constant diet of the judyah flower they refuse to touch water if it is offered to them This one little member of the flower kingdom not only furnishes food and drink for countless flocks of sheep, but possesses fine fattening properties, as the sheep seem to have found out.

Conkling's Quotation.

The death of Mr. Conkling has opened the flood-gates of political reminiscence, of course. It is hard to find a chapter on the great New Yorker without a reference to his great Chicago speech of 1880, and it is almost impossible to find a reference to this speech without the famous lines from Miles O'Reilly. In nine cases out of ten the quotation is incorrectly given. Amos J. Cummings, of the New York *Sun*, from whom one would expect accuracy in a thing like this, gives it as follows:

If you ask whence he comes,
Our answer it shall be:
He comes from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree.

The lines occur in the last verse of a Grant campaign song, written in 1868 and published with other songs and poems by the same author in 1869. The title of the song is "A Burner for Grant," and it is sung to the tune of "Benny Havens, O." The whole verse is as follows:

So, boys, a final bumper
While we all in chorus chant,
"For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant,"
And if asked what state he hails from,
This our sole reply shall be:
"From near Appomattox Court House,
With its famous apple tree."

For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight,
Now, boys, "To Grant for President,
And God defend the right."

The exact words used by Mr. Conkling as the preface to his Chicago speech were these:

When asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be:
He hails from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree.
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Suit Yourself.

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, biliousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

A WESTERN WEDDING.

How Wyoming Couples are Joined in Holy Matrimony.

It appears that one Jonas Burton had been chosen justice of the peace of one of the small Wyoming towns, not because he was possessed of any special qualifications for the office, but on account of his personal magnetism, which had about it all those qualities which go to make the yellow dog a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the lovers of pure cussedness. Among other functions of his office the worthy Hon. Jonas one day found himself called upon to join in "bonds of padlock," as matrimony is sometimes called in the West, a raw young couple from the country. His honor was appalled at the situation. He could commit a horse thief to the gallows with all the elegance and impressiveness of manner which the act demanded. He could sentence a man to jail for life for holding five aces in his hand at poker, without turning a hair, but as for "marryin folks," he wasn't in it, by goshlimity! But as justice of the peace, he had to do it, and his perturbation of spirit was dreadful to witness.

About an hour before the ceremony was to take place the correspondent, accompanied by one of the leading citizens of the place, a Mr. Stiles, went to the old 'Squire's cabin, and found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse, and looking very anxious. After greeting his callers he said:

"Stiles, the derned galoots thet got up these yer laws hasn't gumption enough to last them over night. I've read through the blamed book a halt dozen times, and can't find a dod blasted word about matermoney, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got to put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh," said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man thought finally he could worry through it. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the old squire, who said:

"Feller citizens, this yar man and this yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows anything that must block the game of took to the court, let him now toot his hazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forever more. All in favor o' me proceedin' as authorized by law, say 'I.'"

"Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'No.'"

Nobody said "No."

"The motion is carried unanimously, an' the court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to prevent the tryin' of the case. Grip your fins." The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll prove true to 'Mandy furever an ever? Thet ye'll love 'er an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er square an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"Thet fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang onto Amos for all comin' time; thet ye'll nuss him in sickness and be square to him in weliness; that ye'll be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife to him, under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then, by the power invested in me as justice o' the peace in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, an' legalize ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore; an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an may God have mercy on your souls an' bless this union with his healthiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

LIVELY RAILROADING.

An Engineer Who Was in Nine Railroad Collisions in Fourteen Days.

Yesterday the *Appeal* reporter found Harry Rice, the engineer, in front of the postoffice.

"Back again, eh?"

"Yes, you bet; only one out of a crew of eight that can crawl."

"In any smash-ups?"

"Leven."

"Get hurt?"

"Nary time."

"Many smash-ups down thers?"

"Nothin' else. First day I hit the road pulled out er Summit with twelve cattle and nine merchandise. Saw 46 comin' up."

"Forty-six trains?"

"No, you idiot. No. 46 locomotive eastbound. I began to squeal right away."

"Squeal before you were hit?"

"I was squealin' for brakes, you fool, pipin' up the brakeman. Ye see, my air gave out."

"I don't exactly ——"

"Air brakes wouldn't work, so I whistled for the train men to set 'em. I had a Missouri granger for a fireman. Only been on the road two days, and he let go on the right."

"I don't exactly under——"

"Banged off the machine through the right of the caboose, and went down the bank. I screwed my nut too quick."

"That is, you er——"

"Jumped the game from the other side, you crazy——"

"Oh, yes."

"Then the machines met, and there was a fine old collish. The merchandise cars piled right up on the engine and I had to dodge the mowin' machines that came along through the air. A McCormick reaper and combined harvester passed right over the fireman's head and went down the bank. He rolled over six hundred feet before he tried to stop."

"Quite exciting."

"No, not very, till the cattle-cars began to spill. The cattle were all busted out of the top of the cars and came down like a cloudburst. There were Durhams, Hollands, and little Jerseys, all on the wing, turnin' somersaults in the air. I had to get behind a boulder till the beef shower was over."

"Hurt much?"

"Naw; was on deck next day. Hadn't time to attend the funeral of the brakeman."

"Next accident was near Colfax. Struck another train comin' up. I saw the business comin', so kicked right there."

"I don't exactly un——"

"Plugged er; that is, I jammed the throttle over the other side and screwed my nut again. I lit on a pine tree all in good shape when the engines came together, and they rolled 60 feet down the bank, where they lie yet. Just think of the work I've had, nine collisions in fourteen days and I'm every one of 'em. I'm the only one of 'leven that can snake."

"That can what?"

"That can crawl; that ain't dead. You know I don't feel shaky any more. Got sort'er used to it. But you'd laugh to see the way one engine is mixed up with some agricultural machinery. An inspector went out to hunt the engine, and when he found it he couldn't tell whether it was a locomotive or a mowin' machine."—*Carson Appeal.*

A Nice Servant Girl.

Mother— What, novel-reading again Mary?

Daughter (pulling up the heel of her slipper)—Well, there's nothing for me to do. You do everything about the house.

M.—I have to. I'm sure I don't know what's to become of you, Mary. You can't cook, you can't make bread, I can't trust you to make a bed. If your father and I should be taken away what would become of you?

D.—I'd get married.

M.—But suppose you couldn't get married?

D.—Well, if the worst came to the worst, I could hire out as a servant girl.

A Point Well Turned.

The men who are responsible for the fact that Mr. Blaine's Florence letter is not accepted as final, so far as the Presidential nomination is concerned, are Mr. Blaine's special friends.—*Buffalo Courier.*

It is also significant that the men responsible for the fact that Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance is not considered final, so far as the Presidential renomination is concerned, are Mr. Cleveland's special friends. It looks as if those who know the men best do not think that the slightest reliance can be placed on the word of either.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The Father of a Large Family.

The late sultan of Zanzibar was the father of 232 children. He saved about two thousand dollars a year by making them "run barefooted," but we don't suppose there was a night in the year that his slumbers were not wrecked by one of his offspring howling with pain from a stone bruise. Just before the 25th of December the sultan would buy out three or four toy stores and go out in a grove and trim a dozen of the biggest pines on the ground for Christmas trees for his children. This is reliable, if true.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

GATHER 'ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

CAPT. L. G. CRAWFORD, OSHKOSH, WIS.

We will gather 'round the Camp Fire, we'll gather once again,
The veterans of America's Grand Army,
To recount the deeds of valor, upon the hill and plain,
Recorded of our nation's glorious army.

Chorus—A shout for our army, hurrah! boys, hurrah!!
Still on our "Banner" shines every "Star,"
And not one shall be erased from its folds so bright and fair
While lives our nation's loyal, true Grand Army.

We will tell of days gone by, of the weary march and toil,
Borne by the noble boys in this Grand Army,
How our "hard tack" we would soak, how our coffee we would boil,
When "Rebs" were not too close to our Grand Army.

—Chorus.

We will tell how one thin blanket, with which to make our beds,
Was given each soldier in our brave Grand Army,
How the sky was very oft, the only roof above our heads
Through which the rain came down on our Grand Army.

—Chorus.

We will tell about the comrade brave, who brought a sheep one night
Into the camp where slept our noble Army,
And who told his colonel that 'twas killed for fear that it would bite
This comrade, and thus weaken the Grand Army.

—Chorus.

Then again, how as we marched along the dusty broad highway,
The bayonets of this noble brave Grand Army,
Would attract the poultry from their perch, and what seems strange to say
They'd stick to the guns of our Grand Army.

Chorus—

But, my comrades, we who wore the "blue" when 'twas no idle play,
To be numbered with the boys of this Grand Army,
Are now growing old; and "Father Time" si turning us to "gray,"
And soon will "muster out" the whole Grand Army.

Chorus—

While with joy we meet, we'll not forget our brothers gone before,
Among the bravest of the brave Grand Army.
They by "special orders" were "promoted," and have just marched o'er
To join our "Great Commander's" holier Army.

Chorus—

UP A PERSIMMON TREE.

Surprised by the Rebs and Fired Upon—A Lucky Escape—Peculiarities of the Persimmon.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I read the BLADE when I can get it, but am too poor to subscribe for it. As the CAMP FIRE invites contributions of a war basis, I send you a short conundrum, and as I advance in my sketch you will see the point. In the spring of 1863 my company (B), of the 4th Michigan regiment, was doing picket duty at Mountain Run ford, Rappahannock river. It was our duty to guard the ford and patrol down river about a mile and a half to a house occupied by a rampant rebel, who had no admiration for his creator or anybody else, and we had to watch him closely and also keep an eye on his domestics, as they were all arrant rebels. Myself and Lieut. J. D. Emerson were in charge of the situation, and we took turns in command of the patrol, also of the picket. One morning—the first for me—we started down the road. About half way stood a medium-sized persimmon tree, close to the bank of the river. The bank was high, and sloped suddenly inland, while on the other side, it was low ground, heavily timbered. Well, I halted and let the patrol go on. I mounted the persimmon tree, which hung full, and the fruit looked tempting. I swung me on a limb and seated myself comfortably, my feet hanging down, and began to scoop in the fruit. I did not even taste of them, but put them in my pocket and haversack. Soon I heard a whisper as it were, as a soft, musical voice wafted across the stream. "Yank!" Its cadence startled me so much so that I nearly fell from my perch. Then louder, and in a more stentorian voice came the word: "Yank, we uns want you to come over." I looked in the direction of the sound and beheld just across from me, not more than a hundred yards, ten or a dozen rebel cavalrymen, sitting on their horses, with guns pointed at me and laughing. I could see nothing to laugh at. I declined the request for me to come over. I told them I could not swim, and the water was too deep to wade well. "I must try," was the reply.

I said: "Don't shoot, and I will try." I descended the tree, and as I touched the ground, one of those careless cusses fired at me, whether to hit me or scare me I never knew. I threw myself flat down on the ground and with one tremendous wriggle, I crawled out of range. The firing brought my patrol back on a double-quick, and then you ought to see those rebels get. Our boys had long-range guns, and they sent shot after shot after them, but, I guess, without damage, as they brought our reserve from the ford, leaving that place uncovered except by four or five pickets. The patrol made its round without further mishap. Now for the curious part of it. Those persimmons were jammed in my haversack, a few of them, and they puckered up the bag so it closed the mouth, and could not be opened until those that were not jammed ripened. Then the sack expanded so that the persimmons could be reached. They are delicious when thoroughly ripe, but dangerous when not ripe. I am a cripple from a gunshot wound. While I do not get compensated for full suffering, I hope for the future. I cannot stand on my feet.—V. S. BARRETT, Co. B, 4th Mich. Inf., Adrian, Mich.

STEALING PEACHES.

The Old Farmer Laid a Trap, and the Boys Fell Into It—A Narrow Escape.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will see if a nice, dry sagebrush will add any light to the CAMP FIRE. I am one of the many beardless boys who left homes and mothers at an early age to fight the rebels, and there never was a boy who had more right to go than I did. I lived in a happy home in the sunny south when the war broke out. But alas! My father voted for good, old honest Abe, the only vote polled in that county for Lincoln (Butler county, Mo.), and that branded the whole family as black Republicans, and we have all remained Republicans. I am going to hold on to the good old party as long as there is a Democrat to fight. Comrades, when we went to fight the Rebs, we did not stop while there were any to hold the Secesh flag. Let us rally, boys, and vote for Bob Lincoln. If he is nominated, it will not be a crime punishable by death as it once was to vote for his father, Honest Abe. I would like to hear from some of the 54th Ill. boys, though I have never seen anything from them in the CAMP FIRE. Come out, boys, tell something about that fight we had with Joe Shelby, at Ashley Station, Ark. That was not so glorious for us as some others as I could mention. We did some tall fighting there, but they were too many for us. We had to haul down our colors, but I never can forget those poor boys who were shot down after we surrendered.

I want to know if any of the boys are living who were with me on that raid to the old peach orchard from Pine Bluff, Ark. There were seven of us, and we reached the orchard seven miles from camp, without any trouble, climbed over the rail fence, and were helping ourselves, when the old man of the house came out and spoke very pleasantly to us and invited us to the house. It never entered our minds that he wanted to detain us until he could get the Johnnies there to gobble us up. The old fox had a dinner set for us and while we were eating, I chanced to raise to raise my head and to my horror I saw about 200 Jhonnies coming on a brisk trot for the house. I yelled to the boys to run to the cypress swamp, about 600 yards away, which we reached in safety, bare-headed, and commenced a cautious retreat for camp, which we reached in safety about sun down, but we had enough peaches to last us for a while.—I. S. P., Co. K, 54th Ill, V. V. I., Ontario, Oregon.

"Lay Down, Yanks."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I come with a sliver, such as we used to use in Andersonville to cook our mush. I like very much to read what the boys have to say of their service to this great government of ours. I will give the origin of the expression, "Lay down, Yanks." It was about the 8th or 9th of March, '64, that the rebs got us as far as Charlotte, N. C., on our way from Belle Isle to Andersonville. At this place they made us all get out of the cars, after which they rounded us up and placed a strong guard around us. We had had nothing to eat; in fact we were starving when darkness came on, and we had to stay on our own ground, as we were too thick to move around. At the first signs of moving, we heard a shot up on the other side near some timber, then another shot. By this time the boys began to jump up. The guards commenced firing and yelling: "Lay down, Yanks." Every man that raised his head was shot at. For a short time it seemed as though they intended to kill us all on the spot and be done with it. It afterwards proved that some of the boys made a break for the timber. I never knew how many were killed or wounded. I have never seen any account of this written or published. If any of the comrades who were there should see this I would be glad to hear from them through the BLADE or otherwise.—FRED P. CALKINS, late of Co. D, 1st, and K, 16th Ill Cav., Clare, Webster Co., Iowa.

Getting Even With the Sutler.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The account given by the comrade of Co. C, 25th Mich. V. I., in the CAMP FIRE of October 20, about entertaining a pie peddler, recalls to my mind an incident that happened during the spring of '64 while we were stationed at Camp Blair at Jackson, Mich. One day, there came into camp a man with some pies to sell. He had not been in camp very long before the sutler found out by some means or other what was going on. He came into the barracks occupied by our company, and found the man there with his pies, and at once took all of the pies, some ten or twelve, and started off without offering to pay the man for them. After he had gone, a number of the boys got together and decided that they would have a little fun with Mr. Sutler. The proposed to go to him and tell him that if he would furnish the boys of the company all the cigars and beer they wanted, it would be all right; if not, they would make it lively for him. He at first demurred, but they were firm, and, seeing it was his only way out of the scrape, he finally agreed to do so. It soon got noised through camp what was going on, and the boys from other companies came up and changed hats or turned theirs around so he would not see the company letter. It must have made the pies rather expensive for him, as it seemed as if one-half of the regiment came in for their share. At any rate, I think it cured him of confiscating pies.—F. M. WATERS, Co. G, 13th Michigan V. V. I., Climax, Mich.

Recalling Old Friends.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Well, old Fourteenth Ohio, I thought I would add a splinter to the CAMP FIRE, as I see some comrade from the Fourteenth that he did not see anything from the Thirty-eighth Ohio. I enlisted August, '61, and served until the close of the war. I was color guard nearly all of my service. Does any of my old comrades will remember me, as I belonged to the Fourteenth corps. Comrades, where were we on the day of the Chickamauga fight? Did we not guard the whole army train into camp without the loss of a single man or wagon? Where were we in the battle of Mission Ridge? Did we not carry the colors without any support; and, losing our colonel, who had charge of our brigade in the fight? Where were we in the battle of Jonesboro? Did we not take the places of the regular brigade which failed to do its work, losing our colonel and many men?—G. D. STRAWZER, color bearer Do. D, 38th O. V. I., Salem Center, Stuben Co., Ind.

A Different Sort of Battle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Having been a reader of the BLADE for years, and of the CAMP FIRE ever since it was edited, I have failed to see anything from the 63d P. V., and will now bring in a piece of an oak rail. While it burns, and we no longer fight with gun and sabre, we must not think the victory all won. Instead of powder and lead, we must do battle with paper wads bearing the name of the "Plumed Knight," R. T. Lincoln, or Sherman, and the shout will again go up as it did at Appomattox. This is the only way I can see out of the present situation. Let us all vote together, and at once. Mind, shoot low, so as not to kill, but badly cripple "old Veto." One wounded is as good as two dead, you know. Now, Co. K, 63d I., hoping you are not all dead, and that some of you may see this; if so, let us hear from you.—JOHN L. KEAGY, Co. K, 63d P. V. V. I.

Short Sketches.

James Long, of Salesville, Guernsey county,

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Linseed Oil.

Ella, Mt. Victory, O.:

How is the oil (linseed) extracted from flax seed?

Flaxseed oil, is obtained by pressure from the seed of flax. The seeds are usually stripped from the dry flax stalks by a process called "ripping," which is drawing the stalks, a handful at a time, through a set of iron teeth standing in a row, half an inch apart at the top and a quarter of an inch at the bottom. The seed-balls are then well dried, then threshed and winnowed, to remove the outside hull or capsule from the seed. The latter are then ground in a mill, and the ground meal is subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, which extracts the oil. Sometimes the seed is roasted before grinding, because the heat destroys the gummy matter in the interior coating of the seeds. The oil is brighter and more free from mucilage, but it is of a higher color and of more acrid taste than that expressed from the raw seed.

Shakspeare.

Farmers Daughter, Iowa.

1. Please give as lengthy a biographical sketch of Shakspere as space will permit. 2. Also of Tennyson,

1. William Shakspeare was the chief literary glory of England. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire in 1564. His father John Shakseare, by birth, seems to have belonged to a class of Yeomen. His mother Mary Arden, was of more distinguished blood and coms of a good old Worwickshire family. Of this family of four sons and four daughters born to them, William was the third. At the free grammer school at Stratford there can be little doubt but what William received his whole education. At the age of 19, in 1582, William was married to Anne Hathaway, a damsel of Shattery, about 8 years his senor. The children born to them were a girl in 1583, and twins (a boy and girl) in 1585. The boy Samuel died when 12 years old. When 28 years old Shakspeare went to London. No certain details have come down as to Shakspeare's early connection with the theater. One story has it, and it is doubtless true, that he at first was glad to "earn an honest penny by tending horses at the door of the theater." According to another, which naturally follows the first, we find him admitted inside and given employment as prompter's attendent. If at any time he was thus employed, it was only briefly, for we have note of him soon thereafter as a man of prominence—at once dramatist, actor and shareholder in the Blackfriars theater. In the year 1592 we find a contemporary and brother dramatist, Henry Chettle, apologizing to Shakespeare for an offense given, in terms most respectfully appreciatory of his excellence as an actor, and finally in 1593 and in 1592 Francis Meres spoke of him as the leading author in both comedy and tragedy. His works brought him special marks of favor and approval from Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James, and received the patronage of the most noted men of the day, among whom was Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, and to whom he dedicated Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. In 1613 he ceased to reside in London, and took up his home in Stratford. Of his last years, except that they were spent peacefully and honorably at his home nothing is known. There is good reason to believe that he spent most of his time in writing for the stage. He died on his 53rd birthday (the 23rd of April, 1616) and he was buried in the Stratford churchyard. That Shakespeare ever lost his standing in London there is no question, his sonnets tell it only too plainly, but whatever his frailties there is abundant evidence that he was a man of noble character. He was of a lovable nature and was ready with and in him an excellent companion and it was as "gentle Will Shakspeare" that he was known to his contemporaries. It has been surmised that he was not happy with his wife, but there is no proof at hand to verify the statement. 2. Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809 at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, of which parish his father was rector. He was the third of a large family, under members of which shared with him the genius which won for him the position of first among the English poets of his time. He began early to follow the bent of his ambition and his numerous works are an excellent biography. He has lived most of his time on the Isle of Wight.

Miscellaneous.

Miss M. A. B.: We do not know of the song.

J. G. M.: No name accompanies your request.

U. J. S., Portland, Oregon: No name accompanies your question.

F. C. H.: Neither name nor address accompanies your question.

R. C. H., Limestone, Pa.: Consult the nearest teacher in philosophy.

W. M., Barrance, N. Y.: Write to the War department at Washington.

H. A. S., Elizabeth, W. V.: Tariff questions are being answered editorially.

Mrs. Vance, Neb.: They were published in the BLADE some months ago and cannot be reprinted.

A Farmer, Elk Rapids, Mich.: Tariff questions are answered each week in a series of articles.

C. H. S., Seawood, Mich.: We do not answer questions pertaining to the reliability of firms.

Emma J., Swanton:

Is Talmage a Prohibitionist, Democrat or Republican?

E. V. H., Carthage, Mo.:

Write to some book store that advertises in the BLADE.

S. W. R., Rundels, Pa.:

Who is "Josiah Allen's Wife," her right name? Miss Holly.

S. B., ——, Ill.:

All three of your questions have recently been answered.

Mrs. J. H. W.: Senator Stanford can be reached at Washington; the other gentleman you ask about we do not know.

Soldier, Scio, Rawlins county, Kan.:

Did the dependent pension bill pass both Houses of Congress, and has it become a law? Not yet.

W. H. F., Plains, Mont.:

From what state is Gen. Black of the Pension office?

Illinois.

J. W. Lydy, Danville, Ind.: Get a good geography and look them up. The INTERVIEWER was not designed for the purpose of answering such questions as you ask.

J. A., Sigourney, Ia.:

Please name the state institutions of Iowa, and oblige a constant reader.

Write to some of your state officers.

Mrs. Farr, Dundee, N. Y.: A sheriff title is good, and there seems little chance of your recovering the property. You had better state your case fully to some good lawyer in your town.

Z. G. Call, Rogerville, Pa.: All know Cleveland has a big neck; but the exact diameter is not known. Any thing from the difficulty with which Shakespeare could write himself immortal there is no question, his sonnets tell it only too plainly, but whatever his frailties there is abundant evidence that he was a man of noble character. He was of a lovable nature and was ready with and in him an excellent companion and it was as "gentle Will Shakspeare" that he was known to his contemporaries. It has been surmised that he was not happy with his wife, but there is no proof at hand to verify the statement. 2. Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809 at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, of which parish his father was rector. He was the third of a large family, under members of which shared with him the genius which won for him the position of first among the English poets of his time. He began early to follow the bent of his ambition and his numerous works are an excellent biography. He has lived most of his time on the Isle of Wight.

Rebellion Peace Negotiations.

H. A. M., Fremont, Ind.

Did the United States send a secret expedition to the south offering amnesty and trying to make a settlement with Jeff. Davis in 1865?

The history of this famous negotiation, which was never fully told until recently, is as follows: In 1864 Colonel J. F. Jaquess, of the Seventy-Third Illinois Infantry, believing himself inspired by the Almighty to make peace between the North and the South, appealed to the President, through Colonel James R. Gilmore, for authority to visit Richmond and begin negotiations. Mr. Gilmore was an author and a great friend of President Lincoln. The President positively declined to appear openly in the matter, but he rather wished Jaquess to go, in order to find out informally whether the Federal government was disposed to treat for peace. Jaquess was not successful in getting through the lines, but his plan suggested to Mr. Gilmore the idea that if an offer of terms of peace were made to Jefferson Davis and rejected by him, the publication of the fact would count for much in the presidential election. The Northern Democrats were then proposing to run McClellan on a "peace with union" platform, and if it could be shown that the South would consent to return to the union independence, the continuation of the war would appear inevitable. Moved by this argument, Lincoln allowed Gilmore to go to Richmond, informally and without diplomatic authority, to sound Davis and ascertain his willingness to make peace on certain specific terms. These were briefly (1), the restoration of the Union, (2) the abolition of slavery, (3) full amnesty to all engaged in the rebellion, (4) $400,000,000 in United States bonds to be distributed among the states to be used in payment for slaves at one-half their value in 1860. The Southern states were to have immediate representation in Congress, and the whole existing population and a national constitutional convention was to be called to make such changes in the constitution as might be necessary to peaceably adjust the new order of things. Gilmore went to Richmond and had several interviews with President Davis, but the latter refused to negotiate on any basis except those of complete Southern independence. Mr. Gilmore then returned, and wished to publish a full account of his mission, admitting its official character. President Lincoln, however, positively objected, and made Mr. Gilmore promise not to reveal the fact that he (Lincoln) had sanctioned the mission, or to make public the terms offered. As the commission had been entrusted to Mr. Gilmore without consultation with the cabinet, his consent to respect the President's wishes effectually suppressed the matter. The other circumstances and facts of his negotiation he made public, but did not tell of Mr. Lincoln's connection with the matter until April, 1887, when he gave the whole story to the public through the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of "A Suppressed Chapter of History."

How Flies Walk.

A. M. K., Battle Creek, Mich.:

Can the BLADE Question Bureau explain how it is that flies are able to walk on a ceiling?

It is curious how the understanding of many common and apparently simple things becomes modified by fuller investigation. The explanation of how flies walk on the ceiling, as given in some of the old readers, was based on the theory that each little fly-foot was a miniature air-pump. The theory was as follows: A fly's foot is divided into 146 smaller canals or *rit*, as they are termed. These are the water vessels of Venice, by means of which passengers can be conveyed to any quarter for hire; the canal is the street, and the gondola is the cab or carriage. Access can also be had to all parts of the town by land—across the canals by bridges, and among the houses by narrow lanes called *calle*. Venice is rich in fine bridges, and of these, three cross the grand canal—the Rialto, a stone structure, and the most famous, and two iron bridges. The piazza, or square of St. Marks, is the great center of business and amusement, and is by reality most frequently visited by travelers in Venice. It has a population of 129,000.

Venice.

Edward Steele, North Baltimore:

Will the BLADE please tell its readers something about Venice.

Venice is a fortified city of the North of Italy. It is one of the noblest, most famous, and singular cities of the world. It is built upon a crowded cluster of islets, in the lagoon of the same name, on the northwest fringe of the Adriatic sea, 23 miles east of Padua by the Milan & Venice railway. The lagoon of Venice is banked off from the Adriatic by a long narrow sandbank, extended southwest from the mouth of the Piave to that of the Adige and divided in a number of islands by narrow sea passages. Formerly the chief of their entrance into the lagoon was the Porto di Lido, through which all the commerce of the republic passed direct to the city, and which is still frequented by small vessels and by the Trieste steamers.

The difference between high and low tide, is only about three feet. At the ebb a great bed of calcareous mud is laid bare, laced however, by an intricate number of narrow channels from which the sea never recedes. At flow tide the whole muddy bottom is covered to a depth of from 1 to 1½ feet. The chief island is Isola de Rialto, island of the deep stream. The islands, in many places only shoals, afford no coral foundations for building and the city for the most part, is built upon artificial foundations of piles of stone. The fact that this city of marble palaces seems to rise, vision-like, from the unwholesome sea, in sufficient to render its aspect at all times more or less fascinating; but in summer and autumn, the seasons of the highest tides, when the grand Place of St. Marks is partly flooded and when the image of the palaces is doubled by reflection in that green watery pavement, which every breeze breaks into new fantasies of rich tessellation, the city is indeed marvellously beautiful. The Canalazzo, or grand canal, its tortuous course through the city, being in the form of a letter S. reversed, divides Venice into two unequal parts, and is the main thoroughfare for traffic or pleasure. Venice is subdivided into 146 smaller canals or *rii*, as they are termed. These are the water vessels of Venice, by means of which passengers can be conveyed to any quarter for hire; the canal is the street, and the gondola is the cab or carriage. Access can also be had to all parts of the town by land—across the canals by bridges, and among the houses by narrow lanes called *calle*. Venice is rich in fine bridges, and of these, three cross the grand canal—the Rialto, a stone structure, and the most famous, and two iron bridges. The piazza, or square of St. Marks, is the great center of business and amusement, and is by reality most frequently visited by travelers in Venice. It has a population of 129,000.

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It is curious how the understanding of many common and apparently simple things becomes modified by fuller investigation. The explanation of how flies walk on the ceiling, as given in some of the old readers, was based on the theory that each little fly-foot was a miniature air-pump. The theory was as follows: A fly's foot is supposed that the bottom of the foot adhered by suction to the glass, thus pressing out all air beneath it, and was held in place by the pressure of the air without. But flies have been known to walk on the inner side of a glass receiver of an air-pump after all the air had been exhausted, which shows that they do not need the pressure of the air to uphold them. Moreover, a microscopic examination of a fly's foot clearly disproves the "sucker" theory, for the foot cushion is covered with hairs that prevent all close contact with the glass. A later theory, promulgated by Hooke, was that flies stick to the glass by means of a viscous substance exuded from the hairs in their feet. This theory was thoroughly investigated some eight years or so ago by Dr. Rombouts who demonstrated that it was only partly sound, for though these hairs do certainly exude an oily liquid, the liquid is not sticky and does not harden when dried. It is to Dr. Rombout's experiments that science owes what is now regarded as the true theory of the walking of flies on smooth substances, that they hang on by the help of capiary adhesion—the molecular attraction between solid and liquid bodies. By a series of nice calculations, such as weighing hairs and measuring their diameters, and sticking the cut end of hair in oil or water to make it adhere when touched to glass, this scientist proved that two ounces of force would uphold a fly were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is at present. It is true that the foot-hairs are very minute, but as each fly is said to be furnished with 10,000 to 12,000 of these we need not be surprised at what they can do. Reasoning from this theory we would conclude that flies find it difficult to mount a glass slightly tarnished, because of the moisture between the watery surface and the oily liquid exuding from the feet, and they are likewise impeded by a slight coating of dust, because the interspaces between the hairs are filled with dust, and observation seems to show this to be the case. When we see a fly making his toilet, he is not, as we might suppose, cleaning his body, but his feet, so that they may the more readily adhere. Every one has noticed how quickly a fly takes flight, even when he has been doing in the same position for half an hour. This new theory makes it easier to understand how he can so readily detach himself; for the air-pressure theory and the "gum" theory both implied more or less effort in releasing his from their involuntary hold.

O. P. Morton.

C. D. Strong, ——, Kan.:

Many BLADE readers here would like to have a biographical sketch of the late O. P. Morton, of Indiana. Many Hoosiers live here.

Oliver Perry Morton was born in Wayne county, Indiana, in 1823. The original family name was Throckmorton, the first syllable having been dropped by the Senator's father. He received the elements of education in his native county, and completed his course with two years at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He studied law, and was very successful in his profession. He was a Democrat in early life, but, having strong anti-slavery sympathies, left the party after the repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854. In 1856 he was a candidate for governor of his state, but was defeated. In 1860, however, he was elected as lieutenant governor, and two days after he had taken his seat as president of the Senate he was called upon to take the oath of office as governor, Henry S. Lane, who had been elected to that position, having been chosen United States senator. During the war Gov. Morton was very zealous in raising troops. His mode of acting offended many, and in 1863 the Democrats, having a majority in the Legislature, attempted to take the military power out of his hands and put it in charge of a commission. This project was defeated by the withdrawal of all the Republican members of the Assembly, leaving both houses without a quorum. As the Legislature did nothing at this session, the necessary appropriation bills for carrying on the government of the state were not made, and until the meeting of the next Legislature Gov. Morton raised the needed funds for the state on his own personal responsibility. The obligations which he incurred were afterward assumed by the state. In 1864 he was elected governor by a large majority. He had a paralytic stroke the following year, and went to Europe for some months; then, returning, in spite of impaired health he renssumed his executive duties. He was elected United States Senator in 1867, and was again chosen in 1873. He took a prominent position in the Senate as a leader of the more radical Republicans. He favored the stern policy in the reconstruction of the states, and is credited, though probably incorrectly, with the authorship of the phrase "waving the bloody shirt." He was a candidate for President at the Cincinnati convention in 1876, and his name stood second on the first ballot, but he was of too pronounced opinions to unite the factions of the party, and these united on the seventh ballot on Mr. Hayes. Senator Morton was a member of the Electoral Commission. He died at his home in Indianapolis, November 1, 1877. He was a man of vigorous intellect and iron will, and great energy. He was a popular orator, his style being marked by force rather than elegance. He was the youngest, except Sprague, of Rhode Island, of the famous war governors, and was regarded as the strongest.

Shakspeare.

Farmers Daughter, Iowa.

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1. William Shakspeare was the chief literary glory of England. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire in 1564. His father John Shakseare, by birth, seems to have belonged to a class of Yeomen. His mother Mary Arden, was of more distinguished blood and coms of a good old Worwickshire family. Of this family of four sons and four daughters born to them, William was the third. At the free grammer school at Stratford there can be little doubt but what William received his whole education. At the age of 19, in 1582, William was married to Anne Hathaway, a damsel of Shattery, about 8 years his senor. The children born to them were a girl in 1583, and twins (a boy and girl) in 1585. The boy Samuel died when 12 years old. When 28 years old Shakspeare went to London. No certain details have come down as to Shakspeare's early connection with the theater. One story has it, and it is doubtless true, that he at first was glad to "earn an honest penny by tending horses at the door of the theater." According to another, which naturally follows the first, we find him admitted inside and given employment as prompter's attendent. If at any time he was thus employed, it was only briefly, for we have note of him soon thereafter as a man of prominence—at once dramatist, actor and shareholder in the Blackfriars theater. In the year 1592 we find a contemporary and brother dramatist, Henry Chettle, apologizing to Shakespeare for an offense given, in terms most respectfully appreciatory of his excellence as an actor, and finally in 1593 and in 1592 Francis Meres spoke of him as the leading author in both comedy and tragedy. His works brought him special marks of favor and approval from Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James, and received the patronage of the most noted men of the day, among whom was Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, and to whom he dedicated Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. In 1613 he ceased to reside in London, and took up his home in Stratford. Of his last years, except that they were spent peacefully and honorably at his home nothing is known. There is good reason to believe that he spent most of his time in writing for the stage. He died on his 53rd birthday (the 23rd of April, 1616) and he was buried in the Stratford churchyard. That Shakespeare ever lost his standing in London there is no question, his sonnets tell it only too plainly, but whatever his frailties there is abundant evidence that he was a man of noble character. He was of a lovable nature and was ready with and in him an excellent companion and it was as "gentle Will Shakspeare" that he was known to his contemporaries. It has been surmised that he was not happy with his wife, but there is no proof at hand to verify the statement. 2. Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809 at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, of which parish his father was rector. He was the third of a large family, under members of which shared with him the genius which won for him the position of first among the English poets of his time. He began early to follow the bent of his ambition and his numerous works are an excellent biography. He has lived most of his time on the Isle of Wight.

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THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.

With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. 'There is nothing so good for the youthful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

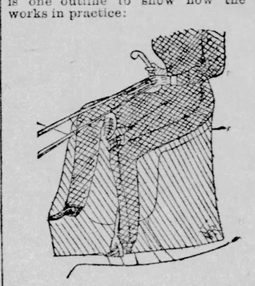
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

MY LADY RIDES.

The New Styles of Riding Habits for Ladies—Interesting Notes on Styles for the Summer.

NEW YORK, May 18.—(Special letter.)—Equestrianism is the latest fad among the girls of the metropolis, and, of course, the style and make of the habit worn by the fair equestrienne is a matter of moment. The old-fashioned, voluminous, dragging riding-skirt is out of date—gone with the years before the flood. In its stead are worn three pieces of dress, which comprise the complete outfit. They are a habit bodice, skirt and trousers. That is riding dress; but in order to ride properly the riding outfit should begin with the garments next the skin. A woman on horseback wants a perfect fit, but for comfort, safety and grace, she wants perfect flexibility and ease of motion as well. Some women wear a suit of silk tights for underwear, but what answers a better purpose is a complete suit, in one piece, of jersey-fitting ribbed silk, giving warmth without involving a particle of restraint. Light-weight jersey flannels in a union combination are a very good thing. Here is one outline to show how the thing works in practice:



RIDING TROUSERS.

For the suit, the best tailors use either Melton cloth or an English elastic cloth, or broadcloth, or for summer use in the country, light tweeds. There is no petticoat, the trousers taking its place. These are made of the material of bodice and skirt. They are cut into a yoke of satin at the waist and are long enough to meet the tops of the boots and to be held down by straps passing under the heels. They are turned up with a simple hem at the bottom and are lined in the seat with chamois skin. They are finished like men's trousers except that a trifle of fullness is allowed on the inside seam of the right leg where it goes over the pommel. Some ladies wear short knee-breeches with high top boots.

The riding skirt is no longer the long, flowing, but bungling mass of drapery it was formerly. The correct riding skirt this spring is as short and as scant as it used to be wide and long. It is not more than eighty inches round at its greatest width, and it is short enough in front to show the boots and make a convenient walking dress when off the horse. It is untrimmed, with plain hem, machine stitched, and two inches wide at the bottom, and it looks as if it were cut very much straight, with a little fullness at the back only. Some ladies like interior straps of elastic, one inside the front and the other on the back, for holding the feet in position and keeping the skirt smooth and in place. Other women regard the straps as nuisances, and do not use them at all. The skirt is so made that it will not ride up on the motion of the horse, whether the straps are used or not. Every skirt has loops or hooks, to be fastened when afoot under the back of the bodice to buttons there arranged for catching up the slight extra drapery, and completing the transformation into a walking dress. The skirt has no lining.

The bodice has stitched edges, and a plain binding with braid; no fancy trimming is in style. It is cut postillion shape, and is high over the hip. Its beauty is in its exquisite fit. It has, if a lady desires, a satin or silk corset, specially attached, more flexible than the old corset, and giving greater liberty of motion in the saddle. It is a riding corset, designed for the exercise; but really a woman in the saddle ought not to wear a corset at all. On a country road with a horse with any go in him, a corset is not only uncomfortable but positively dangerous. A woman has no proper control over her emotions in one. The collar is usually a high, standing one. The best riding glove is a soft chamois. Derby hats are largely used, though the high silk hat is still often seen. The beauty about the new riding habit is that a lady can walk, the street dress in one without any one thinking she is in one without any one thinking she is wearing anything save a neat walking dress.

OTHER FASHION MATTERS.

The flannel dresses are very pretty this season, and follow the general tendency in the absence of accessories—that is, of superfluous mounting, and the like. They consist of nothing but flannel, plain and striped, or all striped; but the plain with striped vest is richer wear than the all-stripe, because less conspicuous and the more permanent. The model is more conventionalized than is necessary. The pointed basque fits snugly enough for an evening bodice. Instead of this close fit and outline, the waist may be cut full, as a blouse, unlined, and gathered into belt. The vest standing collar, the latter cut very deep and square at the back, should be copied as they are. The severe line around the neck without any relief of linen or lace, requires a fair, round throat and youthful freshness as its complement, it is then extremely becoming. The fulness of the waist is simply laid in folds to shape it into the belt, and the folds stitched down.

Just now draperies are very simple; there is nothing intricate about them. Often there is only a little deepening in length, and a lifting at the sides; or upon one side of the breadths at the back, which produces irregularity in the folds, and saves the severity of the straight lines, but great attention is paid to finish; to matching the shade of silk facings, and making the interior as handsome in appearance, or at least as neat-looking, as the exterior.

The want of finish is usually the fault of amateurs, as it is of all inferior dressmaking. The seams are left ragged, or merely overhanded with cotton thread, and the edges corded, or hemmed up, no facing, or pressing. Silk is thought to be thrown away, unless it is put on the outside, and though there is no necessity for silk lining throughout, except as a luxury for those who can afford it, yet an interior facing of silk is well worth its cost, for the facing or basque or jacket, the lining of collar and wrists, or cuffs, or the open edges of woolen drapery. The accidental disclosure, by the turning of an edge, of the silk interior, says more for the real refinement and cultivation of the wearer than any amount of outside trimming.

All good dressmakers now open the seams, flat, and bind the edges with narrow twilled galon. Upper edges of collar, edges of cuffs, basque, and the like, are taken in by facing and pressed flat. Feather stitching being sometimes added. Selvedge edges are often used for woolen draperies, especially in the production of the looped, and curtain sides of over skirts; and in canvass; and other plain fabrics, a striped border of the self-color is sometimes woven in as an ornamental edge. This solves the problem of how to arrange draperies without facing or hem, but the material must either be alike on both sides or show an ornamental reserve to re nde this method available.

MISCELLANEOUS POINTS.

New lawns have wide borders.

Cowslip green is a popular color.

Bonnets made of ivy leaves are a caprice of the hour.

Shot silk petticoats, with pinked flounces, are exceedingly fashionable.

The surplice is the most popular style of bodice for thin dresses.

Street gloves fasten smoothly over the wrist with four buttons.

Poppy red dresses promise to be especially popular at seaside resorts.

Children's dresses are shorter in the skirt than they were last season.

Sashes of all kinds will be much worn this summer with thin dresses.

The newest and most fashionable artificial flowers are exact reproductions of nature.

A pet extravagance with many women is a pair of shoes to match each costume.

Bedroom furniture is chosen extensively in white, pale blue and pink enamel finished with gold.

Both plain and embroidered white pique vests are used on tailor gowns of rough woolen material.

Pongees, which are delightfully cool and shed the dust, are especially recommended for summer traveling dresses.

Corsages of thin material suitable for evening toilet are smocked front and back at the waist and shoulders.

All white hats and dark straw hats trimmed with white will be much worn by both ladies and children during the hottest weather.

All sewing on French underclothing is done by hand—even tucks are needle run—and in the finest work all seams are put together in lines of hemstitching.

Black sewing silk genadines, which have been little used for two or three years, are revived for summer mourning. They are thought preferable to black lace.

Reefing jackets are fashionable for littl girls. They come in gobelin, navy and cadet blue, white, and cardinal red cloth, with buttons and collar anchors of gold or silver.

Among dainty summer bonnets are those of Tuscan braid, dotted all over the crown with pearl beads, and trimmed with pearl gimps, white flowers, and grenadine ribbons.

The fullness of the skirt and drapery is gathered at the back of the edges of the pointed waist of the newest French dresses and on those made here from imported models.

There is an attempt to do away with the high standing collar so long in favor and to leave the throat bare as law as the collar bone. Many summer dresses are made in this manner.

Honeycombing or smocking, so fashionable this season, is done by taking up the material in cross folds in small diamond shapes, creasing it tightly and catching it at the corners with firm stitches.

Pinking is revived this season, and is used in charming ways to give a ruffled effect to the edge of dresses; that is to the foot of the skirt, not the drapery, which is more elegant if left plain, than when trimmed.

IS NUDITY IMMODEST?

A New York Lady Who Says a Word on the Other Side.

She is a lady of unblemished reputation, whose freedom of manner and thought is well known by those who know her to indicate no impurity of mind, yet some of her utterances are sufficiently startling. I am not over-timid, but I would hesitate to tell her name even if she were willing to have me, and she knows too well the danger there is of misinterpretation to consent to that. What she said on the subject of nude photographs, however, is too interesting to lose. "I see no objection to a nude photograph as such," she remarked, when the subject came up. "Never since the day of Eve, has nudity in itself been any offence. Of course, it may be used as an instrument to convey impure thought and positive evil, but it may be as modest in a grown person as in a babe. I know by report that photographers have frequent applications from women of good character who wish to have their likenesses taken without clothing. And I know, as every one else who has eyes knows, that most photographers if they do not grant the applications, do take photographs of ladies in costumes that would not be tolerated even at a full dress ball. It is vanity, of course, that impels women to such acts, if it is nothing worse. Many people think there is something worse, but I do not believe it is, and I do not consider vanity an evil. I do not happen to know any human being who is free from it, and personally I do not care to. Supposing then that a woman's vanity is strong enough to impel her to wish to preserve a likeness of the beauty of her face. Society calls that wrong, supposing it extends to the beauty of the form. Society calls that all wrong. It means that the women is immodest, people say. Well, that's true if you mean modesty as governed by conventional rules. Clothes are worn for conventional reasons chiefly, and for protection from the weather secondarily. Nudity in conventionality permits modifications of custume at one end in a ball room and at the other end at the surf, as it actually does, who is to fix the limit? You will say that public opinion fixes it. Very well, so it does. Is there anything morally wrong in a disregard of public opinion? Is even an indication to that effect that a women does not define modesty in the same way that society does?"—*Graphic.*

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get your system tuned in good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

Relief for Brain Workers.

The Boston *Transcript's* "Listener" knows a worthy city official who, as a relief from the consideration of volumes of figures, to which his attention must through the day be closely applied, has taken to the study of the Hebrew language and literature. This seems to be a queer sort of relaxation from work which is distinctively brain work, but the gentleman finds rest and relief in it, and tells the story. There is no sort of doubt that in the matter of relaxation one man's meat is emphatically another man's poison. Many brain-workers find rest in whist, and some others find the game, although perfectly enjoyable, quite exhausting, because it engrosses the faculties so intently. A friend has had to leave off whist-playing, because he plays it in his dreams after he goes to bed, and finds no rest in sleep; while another, a member of a learned profession, when asked to attend, with his wife, a whist party lately, replied: "Oh, yes, we will come, and my wife will play; but if you have any wood in your cellar that you want sawed I'll go down and saw it. I should find it rather easier work." To him the idea of playing whist for relaxation would be quite as absurd as studying Hebrew. And still more absurd, perhaps, then the relief which a nervously exhausted literary man once found for his intellectual labors in learning to play the flageolet.

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

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How the Widow is Prov

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THE SALOON THE KINDERGARTEN OF DRUNKENNESS.

Save in the states and portions of states in which the traffic in Rum has been outlawed, there is not a city in which the streets are not dotted with saloons with open doors, inviting all to enter; not a town where they are not found, not a village but has its dramshop. They cater for all classes of men, from the pretentious saloon on a prominent street, adorned with paintings and resplendent with mirrors and frescoing, its bar frequented by well-dressed men, whose calls are served by bar-tenders in immaculate linen and diamonds, down to the lowest dive, filled with the poorest and most degraded, whose demands for Rum are responded to by a dirty keeper, who serves out doctored whisky and stale beer. To a visitor from some other sphere, it would appear that the males of the human race are possessed of a strange thirst, a madness for Rum, that requires the means of its satisfaction to be easily accessible to every one.

The fact in the case is, however, that the saloons are not so much the means through which the craving for Rum can be conveniently satisfied without loss of time, as they are training-schools for drunkards, kindergartens for instruction in drinking. Instead of being established for the purpose of satisfying a terrible thirst, which must be appeased, they are the means whereby that thirst is first awakened in tens of thousands of men. It is an awful fact that there exists such a thing as the Rum thirst—that, through indulgence, the physical system of the drinker becomes so diseased that it demands more of the same poison as the only means of deliverance from its pangs. It is a thirst which has its parallel in the opium habit, and other phenomena of the kind. But if the saloons were to be confined to the supplying of the demands of the unhappy victims of this accursed thirst, they would soon die out for want of patronage; for the man who has become the slave of Rum is an habitual drunkard, and in the majority of cases soon becomes so poor that his custom is not profitable; while his life, after he reaches this stage, is short, as disease and Rum soon carry him to a dishonored grave.

We repeat, if the patronage of the saloons were restricted to this class of men—these in whom the Rum habit is fully established—they would speedily become largely reduced in numbers. At least half of them would at once become unprofitable, and their keepers would be driven to close their doors and turn their attention to some better occupation. Hence it follows that half the saloons, at least, exist solely because of the persons who are dallying with Rum, and allowing the Rum appetite to grow upon them by insidious steps. They exist because of the men who are learning to be drunkards—who are slowly debasing their manhood by making themselves dependent upon alcohol in some form.

These men are "moderate drinkers." They scorn the idea that they should ever become the besotted, debased victims of the Rum habit, yet they are treading the path which leads directly to that goal. The great majority of these frequenters of the saloon are young men—men with life all before them, and with but little to aid them in the struggle to achieve success save their talents and energy. They are full of ambition, buoyant with hope; yet they indulge in "moderate" drinking, oblivious of the fact that moderate drinking leads directly to immoderate drinking. Rum palsies physical and mental energy, deadens ambition, and substitutes leaden despair for buoyant hope; and he who aspires to achieve success in his life-struggle with the world would better dally with a venomous serpent than to indulge in Rum, even though it be in moderation.

There are examples, we know, of men who achieved success who were also drinking men, but they are the exceptions. For every one of these who can be named, there are a thousand—yes, ten thousand—who have failed in business and made a wreck of their lives through Rum. The vast majority of men cannot fight the world successfully with Rum for a friend. Then, too, the young man should consider the fact that the feeling is growing everywhere that the young man who frequents saloons is an unsafe person to employ. No merchant wants him for an important clerkship, no business firm desires to trust him, no self-respecting young woman wishes to put her life's happiness into his hands, no one wishes to put business responsibilities under his control. The shortest and best avenues to worldly success are closed against him from the start.

Man is a gregarious animal, and loves to meet his fellows. Here is one secret of the saloon's success, of its terribly debasing power over mankind. With its light, and warmth, and sociability, the saloon's attractions are great to many men, especially if they lack that finer mental fibre which revolts at coarseness, and rudeness, and ribald or vulgar conversation. In place of seeking to find ennobling and safe associations, of making a social place for themselves among pure surroundings, they take the ready-made society they find in saloons. Once a part of the current they go steadily downward with it.

The saloon is thus the primary school in which men take their first lessons in drinking. It is an institution which caters to an unworthy appetite which in every man will struggle to overmaster him, and which will come out the victor in the struggle in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. If the saloons were all swept away, the total amount of drinking would be reduced probably one-half at one stroke. Tens of thousands who have just begun the insidious habit of moderate drinking would be saved from what is now their certain destiny—drunkenness and ruin. Whatever will destroy the saloon, close the avenues of temptation which open themselves to the young on every side, should meet with the earnest and hearty approbation of all who desire to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Ohio Democrats didn't touch the liquor question in their platform. No stronger proof could be given of the rapid growth of public sentiment hostile to saloon rule in politics.

MR. BLAINE AGAIN DECLINES.

The renewed activity of Mr. BLAINE's friends regarding his nomination by the Republican national convention has led that gentleman to consent to an interview, with the Paris representative of the New York *Press*, the sprightly young Republican daily of the metropolis, in which he states his position regarding the nomination with emphasis. The full interview will be found in our telegraphic columns to-day.

Mr. BLAINE reiterates that his Florence letter and the subsequent interview secured for the New York *World* by Mr. CRAWFORD, express his attitude exactly, now, as well as then, and shows a feeling of pardonable resentment that he can not be supposed to be honest in his declination, which was made with intention of putting himself out of the way of all other possible candidates.

Mr. BLAINE further goes on to state, plainly and emphatically, that

He does not want to be a candidate;

He has reasons personal to himself for not desiring the nomination, which, of course, no one has the right to inquire into further;

He has made one fight as leader, which was a severe strain upon him, and believes that he now has the right to withdraw and leave this year's battle to some other leader, especially as there is a wide range of choice among men who can win on the tariff issue.

He also says that his health "is not so good in all respects as he should like to have it"—not a rare condition in men of 60—and that he does not believe his closest friends would take any action showing that they misunderstand his position, or that they will allow others to misunderstand it.

We can certainly see no reason why this utterance shall not be accepted as final by the Republicans of the nation, even those who are most loyal to Mr. BLAINE, and most desire his candidacy this year. There is no possible pretext for continuing to agitate his nomination, after so explicit a withdrawal by himself. He does not want the nomination, for reasons which he does not choose to give, because they are personal to himself. Conjecture as to their nature is impertinent, especially as he also admits that his health is not good, and implied that he does not feel able to stand the strain of a heated and fiercly fought campaign.

It may be, as Mr. STEPHEN B. ELKINS says, that Mr. BLAINE might reluctantly accept if the nomination were offered him with practical unanimity by the convention; but it is obvious to any man who has closely followed the current of events that such unanimity is impossible. Mr. BLAINE wrote his Florence letter before the selection of delegates had begun. State after state instructed for a "favorite son," and there can be no hope of even a majority for Mr. BLAINE until repeated ballotings have disposed of the candidates to whom their states are formally pledged.

And we believe, should Mr. BLAINE's friends persist in pushing him as a candidate, that a nomination which would come as the result of a protracted struggle, would be declined by him, and very wisely. He cannot afford to go into a campaign with the thick and-thin friends of other candidates ready to knife him for accepting a nomination which he has repeatedly declined, and feeling that his renewed candidacy had defeated their own hopes.

We are thus forced to the conviction that Mr. BLAINE's withdrawal is final, and that his supporters, who have stood by him with such splendid loyalty, must regretfully abandon the hope of again going into battle under his leadership. One thing remains in their power, however, beyond all doubt; and that is; to name the candidate. Their strength in the convention, as at present acknowledged, shows that they hold the balance of power. Let them consider carefully and give to the country a candidate who can not only command the support of every Blaine man, but of every other Republican in the nation, if they desire to render victory certain.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE New York *World* is profoundly dissatisfied with the action of the Democratic convention in that state as to the Mills bill. It points out that for twelve years the Democrats of New York have been urging in their platforms the subject of "tariff reform;" that the party has at last a bill before Congress for this purpose, which is also favored by the President, yet they not only failed to indorse the first practical step for carrying out their twelve-year-old theory, but the committee on resolutions accentuated that failure by voting down, by a most decisive majority, a resolution endorsing the bill. The *World* repeats that this action will "lessen still more the already dubious chances of the Mills bill in the House," and points out the inconsistency of the convention in endorsing CLEVELAND but "dodging the issue, forced by himself, upon which his election will turn."

LORD WOLSELEY is getting rather roughly handled by the English Tory press, his attribute toward the Tory government being resented. He, however, keeps his temper admirably, and though he maintains his position as to the defenceless condition of London in case of an invasion by a hundred thousand men, he says there is no cause for a panic, as an invasion is not in the least likely at present. The public is decidedly upon the side of WOLSELEY, and now more so than ever since he met Lord SALISBURY's attack upon him with so much tact and discretion. It became practically impossible for the Prime Minister to proceed further in the matter, while Lord WOLSELEY has justified himself before the country.

THE Iowa supreme court is soon to be called on to decide on the question whether the itineracy of Methodist clergymen affects their legal status as citizens. A saloonkeeper challenged a Methodist clergyman's vote on the ground that he was not actizen and could not be a citizen by reason of itineracy. The election judges ruled against the saloonkeeper, who immediately appealed the case to the supreme court.

THERE was a vast deal of what CLEVELAND once called "pernicious activity" among the federal office holders who swarmed at Dayton on the occasion of the state Democratic convention. Perhaps since CLEVELAND broke his pledges and abandoned civil service reform he would call it "justifiable zeal" for his renomination.

THERE are some 2,000 rice-growers in the United States, and over a million woolgrowers. The Mills bill proposes to have the duty on rice remain at 113 per cent. and make wool free. The fundamental idea of the bill is to injure the North and protect the South.

THE New York mugwump papers are far more slavish in their expressions of delight over the work of the Democratic convention than even the straight-out Democratic sheets. Perverts always out-Herod HEROD in their devotion to a cause.

THE Democrats don't like CLEVELAND worth a cent, but all the same they sneeze when he takes snuff.

THE BLAINE DELEGATES.

Despite the formal withdrawal of Mr. BLAINE as a Presidential candidate, many district and state conventions are choosing delegates to the Chicago convention who are pronounced Blaine men, and some of them have instructed for Mr. BLAINE. That magnificent phalaux of Republicans who have so long stood loyally by Mr. BLAINE, recognizing him as the foremost statesman of his time and the greatest living leader of his party, and desiring to place him in the Presidential chair, do not acquiesce promptly in his decision. There are many of them who feel that should the Republican party call Mr. BLAINE again to the post of leader he would not be at liberty to decline; while many others have no particular hope of his nomination, but see no one in the field for whom they feel impelled to declare themselves, and these men will go to Chicago in a deliberate spirit, anxious to counsel with Republicans from other sections, and to do what is wisest in the matter of selecting a candidate.

We find in a New York dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* a tabulated statement of the Blaine strength among the Chicago delegates, prepared by some of his supporters in New York city. It is interesting as being the first definitive statement of any possible or probable candidate's strength in the coming convention,—for, aside from a wild claim of something over 300 votes for SHERMAN, the friends of none of the candidates have as yet dared to be explicit upon this point. Here is the New York claim for Mr. BLAINE, with the vote on the third ballot in the convention of 1884—the last before the one resulting in his nomination:

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Total Number of Votes	Estimate Blaine 1888	Vote for Blaine 1884, 3d Ballot
Alabama	20	5	...
Arkansas	14	14	12
Colorado	6	6	1
Connecticut	12	12	6
Delaware	6	6	1
Florida	8	7	1
Georgia	24	8	...
Kansas	18	18	15
Kentucky	26	5	4
Louisiana	16	6	4
Maine	12	12	12
Maryland	16	10	12
Massachusetts	28	20	1
Minnesota	14	14	...
Missouri	32	12	12
Mississippi	18	10	1
Nebraska	10	6	10
Nevada	6	6	6
New Hampshire	8	...	...
New York	72	60	28
North Carolina	22	10	4
Oregon	8	6	6
Pennsylvania	60	23	50
Rhode Island	8	8	...
South Carolina	18	12	2
Tennessee	24	10	7
Texas	26	22	14
Vermont	8	6	...
Virginia	24	12	12
West Virginia	12	6	12
District of Columbia and Territories	18	10	9

There are 822 votes in the Republican national convention, and it will require 412 votes to nominate. If the above figures are correct, Mr. BLAINE would fall short 52 votes of a nomination. But the gentlemen who prepared the above table explain as follows:

The Blaine people cite the fact that California gave him 10 votes in 1884, and are ready to do again, although it desires to compliment Senator Stanford. Iowa's 26 votes have been for Mr. Blaine in three successive conventions, but are now for Senator Allison. The Blaine men believe that these votes will be cast for Blaine rather than for any other candidate than Iowa's favorite son. Michigan gave Blaine 15 votes in 1884, Missouri 11, New Jersey 11, Indiana 18, Ohio 25.

All of these states now have favorite sons, but the ultra Blaine leaders here believe that they would prefer Mr. Blaine to the favorite son of any other state. Their estimate of Mr. Blaine's strength in Virginia is made upon the basis of a probable contest and a division of the vote, as was done in 1884. Senator Mahone has called the district conventions contrary to the rule of the last national convention and the call of the national committee. Under his direction the district conventions will all meet at the same time as the state convention, and be made up out of the same delegates to that body.

In all the districts of his state local district conventions are being called to elect delegates under the call of the national committee. This furnishes ground for contest which the Blaine men think will give them half of the vote of the state. In figuring upon the state of New York they count upon the absolute loyalty of Chauncey M. Depew, and say that he will under no circumstances permit his name to be used as a candidate in the convention, but will use every influence for Mr. Blaine.

There seems to be but little doubt at present that Mr. BLAINE's name will be brought before the convention. But we also believe that he would not accept the nomination, unless it were entirely unanimous on the part of the convention, or very nearly so. And we see no prospect of such a result. Certainly Mr. BLAINE does not desire the nomination, and would be reluctant to accept it at all; and we have no idea he could be induced to take an undesired leadership if offered by only a small majority—and that is all, in the present status of things, that his friends can hope to obtain. To us it looks as though the nominee will perforce be some other man, but that the Blaine phalanx will undoubtedly name that man.

REPUBLICANS everywhere will agree with Chairman TIBBITTS, of the Connecticut Republican convention, when he declared that the real Republican platform this year will be BLAINE's response to the President's message, "that came across the ocean as swiftly as the telegraph could bring it."

HENRY CLEWS & Co., in their weekly financial circular, thus discuss the effect of the policy of bond purchases by the government:

The great factor in the condition of the market is, and must be for many months to come, the important demand for the best class of investments arising by the purchase of bonds by the government. The surplus now awaiting this method of disposal is about $100,000,000, to which must be added over $1,000,000 per week that must continue to accrue until some measure for reducing the federal income takes effect. This is a positive force bearing on prices, that cannot be removed; and which, in the absence of new influential adverse events, must carry prices of stocks and bonds to a higher level as the season advances. For the time being, however, other influences are calculated to hold the market in check, and the true policy, in the now existing situation, is to buy on the reactions and to take profits on moderate rallies.

SLAVERY is to be abolished unconditionally and immediately in Brazil. It had already been completely extinguished in certain provinces, and to a considerable extent in all the rest. Brazil was fortunate enough to have no question of state rights or any sectional division in dealing with her slavery question. She also had the influence and the impetus of the example of the rest of the western world to help her on. With the consummation of the Brazilian abolition, slavery will be extinct on the American continent, and its unconditional abolition has already been decreed in Cuba and Porto Rico.

A NOVEL application of the principle of composite photography has been made by the New York *Graphic*, which publishes a copy of a composite photograph of the thirteen most prominent Republican candidates for the Presidency, viz: GRESHAM, BLAINE, SHERMAN, HARRISON, LINCOLN, EDMUNDS, ALLISON, HAWLEY, ALGER, DEPEW, EVARTS, HISCOCK and FORAKER. The composite production looks more like GRESHAM than like any of the others, and would be mistaken for a fairly good portrait of the Judge.

HERE is but one of many indications of what the passage of the Mills bill will do. Fearing that it it will become a law, the Root knit goods manufacturing company, of Cohoes, New York, has sent an agent to Germany with a view to purchasing a site for a mill in that country and removing their business there, as it would be impracticable to continue in business here. The company employs 500 persons, with a monthly pay roll of $18,000.

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, is spoken of as a suitable running mate for GRESHAM, should the latter be nominated for the Presidency at Chicago.

WOMEN IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The decision of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church on the eligibility of women to seats in that body could hardly have been other than it was—that they are not eligible as matters stand at present. The vote, which was taken by orders, was a close one, inasmuch as the change of one lay vote would have tied the laymen and admitted the five women who had been elected to the conference of this year. The vote on the adoption of the report of the committee to whom the subject was referred, and who reported that under the organic law of the church women were ineligible was, on the part of the ministerial delegates, 159 to 122; on the part of the laymen, 78 to 76. Before the adoption of the report, however, the following resolution was introduced:

But since there is great interest in the question and since the church generally should be consulted in regard to such an important matter, therefore, resolved, that we submit to the annual conferences the proposition to amend the second restrictive rule by adding the words, "and said delegates may be men or women," after the words, "two lay delegates for an annual conference," so that it will read, "nor of more than two lay delegates for an annual conference, and said delegates may be men or women."

This, if ratified by two-thirds of the one hundred and eleven annual conferences will put women on a par with men so far as eligibility is concerned. As women have already voted in many cases in quarterly and annual conferences, and as the action of the general conference does not take this privilege from them, and as these conferences are the sources from which the lay delegates spring, if the proposed amendment is adopted it may be regarded as virtually certain that the general conference of 1892 will contain a number of women delegates.

It is evident that while women have been excluded, so far as this conference is concerned, the inevitable is only postponed. The long discussion of the question has shown, among other things, the growing influence and usefulness of women in the church, and to long recognize this without giving them a voice in the higher councils would be a proceeding too inconsistent for a progressive church. The effect of this important discussion, upon which the conference was so evenly divided, will probably be felt in various ways throughout the remainder of the session. Several important officers are to be elected, and the position of the candidates on the question of the admittance of women will doubtless have much to do with their chances. It cannot be expected that the friends of the women, for instance, are to enthusiastically support for bishop a man who has too vigorously opposed them.

MICHIGAN LOCAL OPTION LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The Supreme court of Michigan has decided the local option law of the state to be unconstitutional, and upon purely technical grounds. The decision is not that prohibition is unconstitutional, but simply that the present local option law does not comply with the state constitutional provision which requires that every law shall embrace but one object, which shall be clearly expressed in its title.

In the syllabus of the decision of the court, it is declared to be apparent that the object of the law under consideration is to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor. There is no attempt by the legislature to disguise the object. It is clearly to prohibit the sale and manufacture. There is certainly nothing in the act to indicate that the object of the law was to give the option to electors of any county to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquors.

To "regulate" means that the business may be engaged in or carried on subject to established rules or methods. This defect in title is alone fatal to the law. Prohibition abolishes the business entirely. The two terms, "prohibition" and "regulation," are incongruous. The court is clearly of the opinion, for the reasons stated, that the object of the local option act is not expressed in its title, and hence is unconstitutional and void.

The court then extends the scope of the decision to point out what it considers other serious defects in the provisions of the law. These are:

First, the county clerk has no means of ascertaining whether the signers of the petitions are voters or whether the signatures are genuine.

Second, there is no provision for the safekeeping or preservation of the petitions. The clerk, after receiving a petition, may throw it into the waste basket or destroy it. "Yet," adds the court, "this important paper lies at the foundation of a proceeding which is to suspend the general laws of the state upon the liquor traffic and taxation thereof for three years and makes operative a law which inflicts fines and imprisonments."

Third, the act makes no provision for notice to the electors to be given by the town clerk and inspectors; nor for the furnishing of ballot boxes; nor does it state when the polls shall be open or closed; nor that the election shall be conducted in accordance with any law of this state.

Fourth, it does not properly provide for the missing of returns to the county clerk.

Fifth, there is no provision for a county canvass, or other determination of the result. No public notice is given of the votes cast against and for the question. "Statutes of such importance cannot lawfully be left in such uncertainty," says the court, finally.

The effect of this decision is sweeping. Thirty-five counties of the state had declared for prohibition under the law, all of which is cancelled by this decision. The legislature will, of course, deal with the matter promptly at its next session, and revise the law so as to make it avoid the defects pointed out. Local option is simply postponed for a year in Michigan.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

CHAIRMAN FIELD, of the Greenback State committee of Michigan, has resigned because the committee was talking with DON DICKINSON with regard to a fusion of the Democratic and Greenback parties. Mr. FIELD believes in protection, and says he cannot countenance any talk of fusion, because the Democratic party takes too much stock "in the fallacies of the Cobden club." He also tersely, if not elegantly, remarks that he "would rather see a smoked ham in the Presidential chair than the present incumbent." The hope of fusion has gone glimmering, and the 35,000 Greenback votes of Michigan will be largely cast for protectionist Republican candidates for Congress.

NOTWITHSTANDING the brilliant leadership of Representative WILSON, of West Virginia, member of the Ways and Means committee, for the Mills bill, the Democrats of his state are to nominate for governor HENRY S. DAVIS, who is distinguished for being not only a friend of Mr. BLAINE'S, but a protectionist. Free trade won't go down in West Virginia.

THE aqueduct scandal, first shown up in the New York *Press*, that active fighter on the Republican skirmish line, has politically killed Governor HILL, of New York. A few months ago it looked as if he would divide the state delegation to St. Louis with CLEVELAND. In the convention he had only five votes for delegate at large.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The Democratic convention of this state adopted a long series of resolutions, but the only portion of the platform which is of any importance is that which is embodied in the first two planks. The first is a sweeping indorsement of all that CLEVELAND has done, of course including his abandonment of civil service reform, his going back on his one-term pledge, and all the rest of his checkered career since March 4, 1885. The second endorses the Mills free trade bill fully, and requests the Democratic representatives from Ohio in Congress to support it.

Of course, the federal machine in Ohio made it its first care to have the minority party in this state solid for CLEVELAND, and also to avoid the absurd performance of the New York Democrats in ondorsing the man, but refusing to support the practical carrying out of his policy in the Mills bill. So the second plank was made an addendum to the first, and the free trade bill now before the House was approved as "the practical expression of the views of the Democratic party." It might pertinently be pointed out that the Mills bill is by no means the practical expression of the views of the Democratic voters here in Ohio, as well as in many other Northern states. The clause should have been amended by substituting "of GROVER CLEVELAND" instead of the words, "of the Democratic party."

The third plank is a demand that the public lands shall be held for actual settlers—a point upon which there is no issue between the parties whatever—and indorses what has been done under CLEVELAND'S reign to restore unearned land grants to the government. The framers of this plank neglect to state that a most sweeping general bill for this purpose has been proposed and passed by the Republican Senate, and is now "hung up" in the Democratic House, while the unpractical theorists of the Bourbon persuasion are neglecting vital matters of legislation in the effort to pass the Mills free trade bill.

The fourth plank is a silly bid for the soldier vote of Ohio. It declares in favor of liberal pensions to Union soldiers and sailors, and a tender care for their widows and orphans, in the face of the fact that CLEVELAND vetoed last year a bill that would have taken 10,000 broken-down and invalided veterans out of the poorhouses of the country; that the Democratic House has taken the dependent pensions bill as passed by the Senate, "amended" it so that its sponsors wouldn't know it, and gotten the matter into such shape that the bill can not be reached this session; that CLEVELAND has vetoed more special pension bills, passed by Congress for the relief of soldiers, or "their widows and orphans," whose cases did not come under the general pension laws, than all other Presidents combined. The boys who wore the blue are not to be caught by any such chaff.

The fifth plank is evidently the one intended to come immediately after the endorsement of CLEVELAND, but the action of the New York Democrats came in the nick of time to have the Cleveland wire-pullers substitute an endorsement of the Mills bill instead, and relegate this plank—which is the old-time squawk for a reduction of the surplus, which has been familiar in Democratic platforms for a dozen years past—to a position further down the line.

Next follows a buncombe resolution of sympathy with Ireland—the bait for the Irish vote; another, favoring restraints upon corporate power, and opposing the importation of contract labor; and a resolution recommending the repeal of duties upon goods when manufacture is in the hands of trusts—also a point upon which there is no issue between the parties, as the Republicans of the House are understood to favor such action. The platform closes with a denunciation of the Republican legislature for alleged insufficient appropriations for the Sandusky Soldiers' Home and the Xenia Orphans' Home—in sublime neglect of the fact known to all men that the recklessness and extravagance of the last Democratic administration in Ohio plunged the state into financial difficulties so great that the most careful economy of the present administration has not yet wholly lifted the burden.

Altogether, the platform is just such an inconsequential jumble as the average Ohio Democratic platform is. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is an endorsement of CLEVELAND and the Mills bill, and a lot of bids for various voting elements. It is a platform that will fail by 40,000 votes of popular endorsement in Ohio.

VENERATION for historical relics expresses itself in different ways in different individuals. One man's appreciation of the house in which some great poet or other famous character was born would manifest itself in his cutting off a portion of the woodwork to carry home in his pocket. This is the tendency of a practical age, when the concrete is more thought of than the abstract. In this spirit the managers of the Cincinnati Exposition have arranged that the house where Gen. Grant was born—a place every patriotic American must always revere—shall be lifted from its foundation at Point Pleasant and taken to Cincinnati, to be a leading attraction at the coming exhibition. If the bones of the hero were available, and it was a seemly thing to do, they would probably also be secured by the enterprising fair managers to set off the house and lend completeness to the display.

THEY must have very forgetful people down in New York, if the *Press* reports them truly. It tells of an old gentleman who remarked, as he transferred a ring from the index finger of his left hand to a less conspicuous place, "I've managed to remember that little errand and the ring can go back to the right finger." "I've a better plan than that," said a bystander. "When I've something important to do I write myself a postal card. When I get to the office in the morning with a dozen things to do there are the postal cards mailed the night before to remind me o any matter that I might overlook. The postoffice is a great convenience. I know a man who habitually posts small packages to his home address simply to save himself the trouble of carrying them uptown. That plan, he says, is cheaper and safer than using a messenger service."

DECORATION DAY, with its beautiful custom of strewing the graves of the soldier-dead with flowers, is approaching. Every one should take some part in these acts of grateful remembrance. Every year sees the institution more and more general and this year there should not be a soldier's grave forgotten. In order that all the graves may be decked with flowers, which are "God's thoughts in bloom," all persons who have flowers should send then to the various Eosts of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose members do so much to remember their departed comrades. On May 30 all the graves of all the soldiers, North and South, should be visited and upon them should be placed the tokens of remembrance.

ONE of the funny things among Democratic statesmen is their ignorance of events with which they should be familiar. Here is Representative MCMILLAN, of Tennessee, in a speech in the House, giving credit to CLEVELAND for having signed the bill passed by Congress to prohibit the importation of laborers under contract. This law was passed long before CLEVELAND reached the White House, and was signed by President ARTHUR.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so cheap that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATS AFRAID OF THE TARIFF ISSUE.

The New York Democratic State convention, in the adoption of formal resolutions for the campaign, made a most grave and significant omission. The platform is just such a one as the Democrats have been in the habit of adopting, in times gone by, to hoodwink the voters. It endorses CLEVELAND'S administration, and instructs the New York delegates at St. Louis to vote for his renomination, but it don't say a word about his free trade message, nor of the Mills bill. It praises CLEVELAND, but is significantly silent as to the policy which he is endeavoring to force upon the Democratic party.

The tariff, in fact, is not specifically mentioned in the platform at all. No stronger testimony could have been given of the fact that the Democrats of the Empire State are afraid of the issue which CLEVELAND has imposed upon his party. Their plank on this subject is one of these two-sided affairs, which means whatever a man may wish it to mean. We reproduce it here as a curiosity:

The allegiance and adherence of the state Democracy to the principles announced by the platform of 1887 are hereby again declared with an explicit approval of those doctrines affirmed in the last annual message of the President to the Congress; that unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation; that to tax for the express purpose of unfairly benefiting the few at the expense of the many is a perversion of the national power; that the correction of the evils resulting from such a system will best serve the healthful condition of American industry and enterprise and promote the public welfare; that a large surplus in the national Treasury, drawn by vicious taxation from the channels of trade, is a dangerous and indefensible abuse, and that in reducing taxation the interests of American labor should be carefully regarded.

Note that the first sentence is an "explicit approval" of the doctrine of CLEVELAND'S free trade message of last December, while the last sentence declares that "in reducing taxation the interests of American labor should be carefully regarded." There is no possible means of reconciling these two statements, and it is well that the framers of the resolution interjected, between these two main statements, a quantity of frothy grandiloquence, a confusing mass of words, cleverly calculated to confuse the average Democratic reader.

There is no issue on revenue reduction. It is agreed on all hands that the revenue may profitably be reduced. Nobody is advocating "unnecessary taxation," nor is anybody in this country advocating any scheme of taxation "of the many for the benefit of the few"—for this is not applicable to a protective tariff any more than to a revenue tariff, and is a perversion of fact when applied to any tariff. Nobody is opposing an honest and proper revision of the tariff. The issue before the people is as to the method. CLEVELAND'S message advocated a method which would, if carried into effect, destroy the wool industry of the country, and bring an era of low wages, business stagnation and financial ruin. The Republicans say to the country, "Give us a majority in Congress, and we will reduce the revenue without injuring business."

The New York *World*, which was editorially urging that the Mills bill should be emphatically endorsed, can not conceal its disappointment. It says the platform is "significant for its omissions;" that it "indorses the abstract propositions" of CLEVELAND'S message, "but it is dumb as to the Mills bill, which is the effectual execution of the recommendations made in that message. This singular omission is emphasized by the action of the committee in rejecting, by a vote of 22 to 4, a resolution pledging the Democratic Congressmen of the state to the measure; and this is calculated to impair the chances of the bill's success."

The gist of the whole matter is, that the utmost exertions of the federal machine in New York, under the personal direction of the President, could do no more than to secure an endorsement of CLEVELAND for renomination. It failed ignominiously in obtaining an endorsement of the practical part of his free trade policy. This shows either that the Democrats of New York are not in favor of free trade, or that they fear the result of a campaign which must turn upon that issue. Their platform at one end endorses CLEVELAND'S theory, while at the other it makes a statement only compatible with a protective policy, as we pointed out above.

DID the federal officials who swarmed at Dayton to manipulate the Democratic state convention in CLEVELAND'S interests, continue to draw their salaries during that time? If not, the fact should be widely published, as a proof that the Democratic party practices what it preaches as to economy, retrenchment and reform. If they did, the people want to know why men are paid salaries for doing partisan work and utterly neglecting the public business.

EFFECT OF THE MILLS BILL ON IRON INDUSTRIES.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* has been inquiring of the leading iron and steel manufacturers of the country as to the effect upon their business should the Mills bill pass. Some of the replies it has received are well worthy the attention of every one. A firm writes that it is impossible to substantiate the claim, made by the friends of the bill, that cutting down the duty on iron will reduce the revenue, because the reduction of duties would increase imports, which would naturally swell the revenue derived therefrom, and would also cripple the home manufacturer. The same firm submits a tabular statement of the relative cost of pig and bar iron in England and in Pittsburg, based on the latest market reports. These two grades are chosen, as pig is the raw material of bars, and bar iron is the base staple of the iron trade:

IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

	£	s	d
Staffordshire forge pig, per ton	1	12	6
Price of boiling, per ton	0	7	6
Other forge labor, per ton	0	3	0
Finishing mill labor, per ton	0	7	6
	£2	10	6
Selling price of bars, per ton	5	5	0
Balance	£2	14	6

In United States currency, $13.20.

IN PITTSBURG.

Forge pig, per ton	$15 25
Price of boiling, per ton	5 50
Other forge labor, per ton	2 50
Finishing mill labor, per ton	5 50
	$28 75
Selling price of bars per ton	38 08
Balance	$ 9 33

This table shows clearly that the cost of labor is the one grand point of difference. The figures above given show that it costs, in Pittsburg, $13.50 for the labor necessary to convert a ton of pig iron into bars, while in England it costs but $5.52. Hence, as the same number of men are needed in each case, the American workmen get over twice as much as their English comrades. To cut the duty down as the Mills bill proposes will thus compel one of two things to be done: either the American workmen must take less than half the wages they are now getting, or the mills must stop and the men be thrown out of work.

The North Chicago rolling mill company, in their reply, discuss the matter at some length, as follows:

The business of the country, so far as our particular industries are concerned, was, in the year 1887 exceedingly prosperous; in fact the country could not produce what was required of it in iron and steel manufactures, and importations from abroad to the value of $40,000,000 were poured into this country, during that year, and the parties selling this material were not slow in demanding the extreme price and tariff added, that the circumstances made possible for them to obtain.

Now, make the Mills bill the law of this land, and just so far as it is possible for this law to cripple or shut up our mills, furnaces and mines, just so far will the history of 1887 be repeated, when we cannot operate our mines, furnaces and mills by reason of the law. Then free trade countries will show the American buyers what they mean when we are under their thumb. The year 1887 was one in which an immense amount of railway building was done possible, arranged for and carried out by the large amount of idle money that had accumulated in the different moneyed centers during the years 1884, 1885 and 1886.

The demand of the railways at such time stimulates every branch of the iron and steel manufacture, and the moneys it so distributes reach every class of people, from the farmer above ground to the miner below it. The only trouble is that railway building is not uniform each year, and as it fluctuates so does most of the other business interests of our nation, because our iron industries fluctuate with that of railway building; and could the $40,000,000 worth of iron and steel, imported into this country last year, have been shut out by a prohibitory tariff and distributed among our mills, furnaces and workmen this year, there would

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

A Free Trade Error.

The advocates of the Mills bill, which is nothing but an entering wedge in the interests of absolute free trade, are most earnest in their efforts to make the people believe that the customs duties on certain imported manufactures increase the price of articles of general consumption made in this country by just the amount of duty on the foreign product. CLEVELAND used the same statement in his free trade message but, like all the rest of the free trade clan, failed utterly to prove the assertion. If it were true, it could be proved by example.

With the same disregard of truth, the supporters of the Mills bill in Congress persist in declaring that the cost of living is increased to the poor man over what it is in free trade England by precisely the amount of the tariff. By this lie the Democratic party is doing its utmost to mislead the wage-earners of the United States and induce them to vote for free trade in fifty important American industries, and a general reduction in the rate of duty in a number of other important schedules. All statistical investigations conducted with any degree of fairness show that the cost of living in the United States is only slightly above the cost of living in England.

Average Wages in England.

One of the staff of the New York *Press* has been for some time investigating the subject of the relative cost of living in New York and in London. The entire mass of facts which he has collected shows that the free traders' assertion that the cost of living in this country is as much higher in this country as the amount of the tariff, to be entirely false. They show, too, that American workmen can live on the pittance paid British workmen, provided they are willing to live in the same way. But the mode of life of the workingmen of England is immeasurably inferior to that of their brethren in this country.

Leone Levi the well known English statistician, is authority for the statement that the average weekly earnings of 5,600,000 families in England (this includes earnings of all members of the respective families able to work) are $7.68. Of course the average earnings of the head of the household would be much less than this, probably from $5 to $6 per week. The $7.68 therefore, includes the average aggregate weekly earnings of all members of the 5,600,000 families in England who work for a living.

It is fair for us to assume that this pitiful sum of $7.50 per week is regarded as good wages to maintain and bring up a family on in England, and hence we find Miss Hall, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, exclaiming: "I thank God that England counts among her children so many who know how to live simply, and yet nobly, on 30 shillings ($7.50) per week!" To which the *Press* writer responds: "I can say more fervently thank God that America counts so few among her children who have to live on $7.50 per week!"

The Cost of Living in London and New York Compared.

The oft-reiterated free trade lie, that the English workingman can purchase more for $7.50 per week in free trade London than in protection New York, is forever disposed of by the following table, prepared and sworn to by the New York *Press* writer, Mr. Price. In short, living on $7.50 per week means exactly the same to the Londoner as it does to the New Yorker, as the prices of the common necessities of life, including clothing, are substantially the same:

Articles.	London Prices. s.	d.	N. Y. Prices.	
Meat	4	0	$1 00	$1 00
Bread (ten loaves)	2	3½	57	50
Flour (7 lbs.)	1	0	25	20
Vegetables, potatoes (18 lbs.)	1	0	25	22½
Other vegetables	0	4	8	10½
Butter	1	0	25	25
Fruit	1	6	37	35
Milk	0	10½	21	15
Tea (½ lb.)	1	0	25	10
Cocoa (½ lb.)	0	6	12	.....
Coffee (½ lb.)	.....		.....	9
Sugar (4 lbs.)	0	10½	21	24
Soup (½ lb.)	0	6	12	4½
Soda, starch, blue	0	1½	3	1½
Candles	0	1	2	2
Kerosene (¼ gal. fortnight)	0	3	6	2
Coal (1 cwt.)	1	3	31	44
Beer (3 pints)	0	10½	21	21
Shoes for family	1	8	41	25
Rent	5	6	1 37	1 38
Clothes for man	1	0	25	26
Do. wife and children	2	0	50	42
School fees	0	4	8	.....
Provident club	1	6½	38	23
Medical attendance	0	3	6	6
Totals	£1	9 8½	$7 36	$6 72
Add from $7.50				
Difference in favor of New York, 64 cents.				

It is equally true that a man can clothe himself as cheaply in New York as he can in London. The following table, like the one above, has been prepared with the utmost care, and the compiler has sworn that it is accurate:

	New York prices.	London prices. £ s. d.		
One overcoat	$ 6.00	1 15	0	$ 8.75
One umbrella	1.25	7	6	1.87
Two hats	1.50	5	0	1.25
One silk hat	2.50	7	6	1.87
One and a week day clothes	6.00	2	0	0	10.00
One Suit Sunday clothes	8.00	2	10	0	12.50
Four pair socks	.60		4		.83
One pair boots	2.50		10	6	2.62
Repairing shoes	1.30		6	0	1.50
Two undershirts	1.00		5	0	1.26
Balance of four suits underclothing	2.50		.....		.....
Two flannel shirts	2.00		6	0	1.50
Four collars	.40		1	8	.33
Two pair cuffs	.30		1	4	.41
Necktie	.25		.....		.....
Buttons, buttons, etc.	.25		1	0	.25
Total	$36.35	£8	19	10	$44.95

How These Tables Were Obtained.

The method of compiling the facts which are tabulated above can be understood from the following extracts from his articles:

Only a lump sum of 1s. a week is given by Miss Hall for the clothing of the head of the family. What clothes he can buy with this amount can only be estimated. With the clothes already on hand I have estimated that a man who is working at the labor which will bring him only $7.50 a week, can, with a careful wife, who will look after the mending, get along with the following: One white shirt, which, with the collar, will cost him 50 cents; a derby hat at 90 cents; a blue shirt, $1; a pair of overhauls, 96 cents; two white undershirts at 25 cents each, 50 cents; and two red flannel undershirts for winter wear at 75 cents each, $1.50; a pair of pantaloons, $1.50; a suit of cheap clothes, $4; an overcoat, $2; and a half dozen pair of socks, 50 cents. This would make a total of $13.45, or a little less than 26 cents a week.

The articles supposed to be worn by each member of the family are taken in detail in the same way as in the foregoing paragraph, and it is thus found that the total cost for materials—it being assumed that they are made up by the mother—is $21.75 a year, or about 42 cents a week.

The question of rent and clothing having been settled, next comes the cost of food. The first item in this list would naturally be meat. Miss Hall's man spends 4s every week for meat, and says he can get a leg piece of beef at 2½d, or 5 cents a pound. This can be done in New York without trouble, and the New Yorker needn't confine himself to leg beef, either.

One of the largest of our retail butchers, who has several stores in various parts of the city, told me that he sold plate, navel, or brisket pieces of corned beef, leg pieces of beef or good stewing mutton for 5 cents a pound. Taking two and one-half pounds of meat as a fair day's allowance and it's cost would be 87½ cents. If the family should be Catholics and wanted fish on Friday they could have it easily on their $1 a week.

After meat comes bread. The allowance of the staff of life for the London man is ten loaves a week at 2¼d or 5½ cents a loaf. Ten loaves of good rye bread will cost here 50 cents, or 5 cents apiece.

The cheapest place in the city to buy groceries is on Vesey street. At one of the largest stores on this street the following prices for staple groceries were given: Flour, a 24½ pound bag at 70 cents. At this rate the 7 pounds of flour allowed by Miss Hall would cost a little less than 20 cents, a saving of 5 cents on the London price.

In tea there is a marked difference. In Vesey street a fair article of tea is sold at 20 cents a pound. The London price is 50 cents or 28., or more than double. For cocoa, as in the London list, I have taken the privilege of substituting coffee, because little cocoa is drank here and a good deal of coffee is. Good broken Java is sold here at 18 cents a pound. The price for cocoa in London is 24 cents per pound.

Sugar costs a little more here, good C sugar not being procurable for less than 6 cents a pound, or 24 cents for the 4 pounds. The same amount in London costs only 21 cents. In soap we are away ahead of our English friends. The London family is allowed a pound and a half a week for which they pay 12 cents. Good laundry soap can be bought here for 3 cents a pound.

Cost of Living of Single Men in London and New York.

The foregoing statistics are devoted entirely to a comparison of the weekly cost of living of two families of the same number of members, one in London and one in New York. Then follows a like comparison of two single young men, one in London and one in New York. The writer continues:

The question as to just how little a single man can live on in this city and keep up a fairly respectable appearance has never been perfectly solved, but it is susceptible of proof that such a man can live as cheaply here as in London, despite the enhanced cost of the necessaries of life here on account of the protective tariff and the great advantages conferred on the London low salaried man by the blessings of free trade.

In the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, W. Roberts shows how well a single man can live on a guinea week in the British capital; and a Texas man undertook an investigation as to how cheaply a clerk receiving a salary of $5.25 a week—the equivalent, in round numbers, in United States money of the English guinea—could live.

There are fortunately few, if any, clerks in this city who are at work who are forced to make both ends meet on that amount, but that it is possible to do so and to live even better than the typical young man used by Mr. Roberts in the *Nineteenth Century* article cannot be doubted.

He then goes through exactly the same form of comparison, taking his London figures into representative New York homes dealing in the particular lines of goods mentioned in the London article. The result of his painstaking investigation, shorn of all the substantiatory details, is given in the following table:

Clothes	63
Room rent	$1.50
Food	2.24
Washing	27
Tobacco	15
Total	$4.79

CLEVELAND sent in a batch of ten vetoes of private pension bills on Saturday last. His antipathy to the pension system is clearly shown by his persistent vetoing of such bills. It is time that the patriotic people of this country should come to a realizing sense of the facts as to the matter. These special bills granting pensions are for the relief of persons whose cases are exceptional, and do not come under the provisions of the general pension laws, passed years ago by Republican Congresses. They are carefully examined by Congressional committees, the facts ascertained, and where a bill is reported favorably that report is of the nature of a verdict of the committee in favor of the claim. CLEVELAND has a deadly animosity for such measures and takes particular pleasure in vetoing them.

THE *New England Homestead* has taken a vote on the Mills bill among the farmers of New England and Eastern New York. Out of 2,832 returns from legal voters 2,500 were against the bill and only 242 registered in its favor. Maine went 4 to 1, New Hampshire, 30 to 1; Vermont, 20 to 1; Massachusetts, 12 to 1; Rhode Island, 7 to 1, and New York, 9 to 1. We have no doubt that a canvass of the farmers of the entire country would show a similar result. They understand clearly that their prosperity depends upon the prosperity of the consuming class, and that the preservation of the home market is essential to prevent their being devoured utterly by the middlemen between themselves and Europe.

MESSRS. ALLISON, ALDRICH, HISCOCK, BECK and HARRIS, of the Senate committee on Finance, have been appointed by the chairman of that committee as the subcommittee to make inquiries and take testimony on questions of tariff and revenue. This probably means that the Republicans of the Senate will strike out all but the enacting clause, if the Mills bill should perchance pass the House, and substitute a Republican tariff revision measure, in which the interests of American labor are properly protected.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND remarked, once upon a time:

The influence of federal officeholders should not be felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions. The use by these officials of their positions to compass their selection as delegates to political conventions is indecent and unfair.

Here the late Democratic state convention in Ohio, which was made up of federal pap-suckers, has its portrait drawn by Grover himself, whom the convention beslavered with fulsome praise.

THE Mills tariff bill has been laid aside in the House on the plea that the appropriation bills must be considered and passed. The real reason is that the Democratic managers are afraid to put the bill on its passage before the St. Louis convention. Should it fail, it would put the party in a very painful position as regards CLEVELAND, who is compelling his renomination, with the Mills bill as a platform.

AND now it is said that CLEVELAND prefers DON M. DICKINSON as candidate for Vice President. He has a high opinion of DICKINSON'S talent as a political manager and wire puller, and wants him to direct the campaign. He has not the confidence in Congressman BILL SCOTT that he has in DON, and hence prefers the latter. GRAY, BLACK and MORRISON have all been weighed and found wanting.

THE sending of the Democratic ballot-box stuffers at Indianapolis to the penitentiary has greatly improved the Republican chances there. If CLEVELAND really has abandoned the idea of having GRAY for a running mate, and proposes to take DICKINSON instead, it means that he thinks it will be easier to capture Michigan's electoral vote than Indiana's.

THE Missouri Republican state convention nominated ELBERT E. KIMBALL for governor. He is at present the commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for the department of Missouri. The platform takes solid Republican ground—favoring a revision of the tariff but in the interest of protection to American industries.

THE free traders are howling "Down with the 40 per cent. war tariff!" and supporting the Mills bill, which leaves untouched the 113 per cent. tariff on Northern rice. The Mills bill is aimed at Southern industries, but leaves those that are distinctively Southern untouched.

A SQUAD of cranks, calling themselves "the national convention of the Equal Rights party," met at DesMoines, Iowa, on Tuesday afternoon, and nominated Mrs. BELVA LOCKWOOD for President, and ALFRED H LOVE, of Philadelphia, for Vice President.

THERE will likely be a number of ballots at Chicago before the convention decides upon a candidate. In 1884, BLAINE was nominated on the fourth ballot; in 1880, GARFIELD on the thirty-sixth, and in 1876, HAYES on the seventh.

WHEN the Mills bill comes up again in the House the fun will begin. It will be pulled to pieces, patched, cut down and added to until MILLS won't know it in the shape in which it will finally come up.

EVERY Democratic Representative in Congress sees by this time that he must vote for the Mills bill or fail in his efforts to get a public building or an office for a friend.

IT looks as though FULLER'S case will be postponed some time in the United States Senate. We have no idea, however, that his nomination will be rejected finally.

THE Cleveland men in New York didn't find the Governor a very hard HILL to climb in the Democratic state convention.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, on the Tariff.

Representative Butterworth, of Ohio, addressed the House Tuesday on the Mills tariff bill. He said the passage of the law would be a direct condemnation of the protective policy. It indicated to the country that whether the tariff was perfect or not, the Democratic party was not a fit instrument to perfect it. The mission of the protective tariff was to place the people of our own country on an equality with the producers of the Old World. The protective tariff dealt with conditions, and not with boundary lines. From these nations, against which the United States held the reign of vantage, no odds were asked, but when the Republicans found conditions which would strike down our industries and the rate of wages of our workingmen, then they erected the wall of a protective tariff. In skill and cunning the American workman asked no odds. The capital, the plants and the skill were here, but the starvation wages were not here and never would be so long as the Republican party wrote the laws of the country. Capital had the advantage of labor. Capital could wait longer for its dividends than labor could for its breakfast. [Laughter.] In Europe there was no redress for the workingman but revolution. Here, thank God, every workman was part and parcel of the government, and helped to shape the laws which controlled the conditions under which he worked.

The speaker make comparison between Ohio, where protection prevailed, and the states where the free trade philosophy existed, greatly to the advantage of the protected State, which he declared was characteristically reserved and modest. He asserted that the North and West invented and manufactured everything the South used, from a toothpick to a cotton gin, and argued that it would be unwise to intrust the industries of the country to the hands of men who had shown neither the ability nor the disposition to have industries of their own. He summed up the difference between the two parties on the wool question by the declaration that the free trade philosophy created an active concern for the sheep, while the Republican philosophy created an active concern for the shepherd. In foreign countries the sheep wore the coats and the shepherds the rags; in this country the tender should be well cared for, for, if it was well with him, it would be well with his flock. He created a good deal of laughter by reading an extract from the London *Times* declaring that the only time England has any use for an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade, which he almost invariably does. In conclusion, he said that the issue had been fairly made up between the two parties.

Let there be no juggling. Let the resolutions in the national platforms so fairly present the issue that they would attest that they were drawn by patriotic statesmen and not by temporizing, huckstering politicians. "I do not claim," he said, "to stand a step in advance of my honorable friends on the other side. Your policy has led you along one highway, ours along another. We only protest that until you can show evidence that you can have industries of your own you shall not take charge of ours. In spite of your endeavors the protective system has reached its arms down into Alabama, North Carolina and Virginia, and is blessing the people in spite of you."

UNCLE JOE'S MONOPOLY.

A Practical Application of Senator Beck's Argument Against International Copyright.

Uncle Joe is one of the most ingenious darkies in Washington. The other day he contrived to make a rude wheelbarrow for himself. The morning after it was completed he went out to try it, but was dismayed to find it gone.

"I 'clah to gracious!" he exclaimed, "I knowed dat wah a mighty nice wheelbarrow, but I didn't spec' it gwine to run off by its own se'f."

He presently found it in use in Jake Turner's garden.

"Jake, what you doin' wid my new wheelbarrow, I'd like to know?"

"Wy, Uncle Joe, 'taint none uv yo'rn. Hit belongs to de community. Fer you to keep it would be a monopoly."

"Haint I done made it?" cried Uncle Joe. "An' haint it mine?"

"No, it haint," said Jake. "T wuz yo'rn afo' the wheel was put on to it, but when you put the wheel on you done los' it."

"What the wheel got to do wid it?"

"Wy, you see, I done hear Cun'l Beck, the Kaintucky Senator, say dat when a man writ a book 'twuz his'n, but ef he print it 'twuz n't his'n. An' p'intin' makes a book go, an' a wheel makes a wheelbarrow go. Cun'l Beck said that it wuz a monoply to give a man the book he writ arter it was printed. So I sez it 's monoply fer Uncle Joe to have his wheelbarrow when the wheel's on."

"You g'liung," said Uncle Joe, going off with the wheelbarrow; "I done made it, and it 's mine, wheel ur no wheel. What good 's a wheelbarrow 'thout a wheely"

"Well, what good's a book that you can't print? An' Cun'l Beck he said—"

"Oh, you shet up, Jake. Some niggahs gits so smart it makes my head ache. An' as fer Cun'l Beck, I don't want to be dis'pectful, but ef he ever said any sech stuff, I don't reckon he meant it. Any way, this ain't Kaintucky, an' ef you go off with my wheelbarrow agin I'll have you tuk up. You heah, now?"

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

WANTED—Address of all becoming bald, who will test scientific method of cure. Send address to Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

WHY GRANT WAS A REPUBLICAN.

A Speech of the Old Commander that Would Make a Good Platform for 1888.

General Grant's Speech Delivered at Warren, O., Sept. 28, 1880.

It may be proper for me to account to you, on the first occasion of my presiding at a political meeting, for the faith that is in me.

I am a Republican as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a national party, seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot, and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without persecution on account of his opinions. There are fourteen states, and portions of some other states, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one reason why I am a Republican.

But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property; the public credit and the payment of the debts of the government—State, county and municipal—as far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this. If it does it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions, as many Northern Democrats can testify to their sorrow.

I am a Republican, as between the existing parties because it fosters the production of field and farm, and of manufactories, and it encourages the general education of the poor as well as the rich. The Democratic party discourages all these when in absolute power.

The Republican party is a party of progress and of liberality towards its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates; and, in fine, it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

All Sorts of Poison.

Mr. W. F. Daley, Advertising Agent of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, writes: "Inflammatory rheumatism swelled my legs and arms to twice their natural size. I suffered excruciating pain. Your wonderful S. S. S. made a complete cure.

Major Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have fully tested the virtues of Swift's Specific, both as a rheumatism cure and a tonic. It has done even more than its proprietors claim for it.

Mr. Michael Long, Jr., with the Strobridge Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for two years with a terrible itching and painful sores on my neck, arms, hands and fingers. No physician could help me. S. S. S. relieved me perfectly and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. Amanda Ingle, of Gastonia, N. C., writes: "My baby, when four months old, developed scrofula. He had two severe risings and sores on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced it scrofula, and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S. S. S. and it soon got the disease under control. The sores are healed, and the baby is well and healthy. I know S. S. S. saved its life, and I told our doctor so. He is a regular physician, and prescribed S. S. S. for the baby as soon as he saw it had scrofula.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

SOUTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

A Native of the State Sends His Observations to the Blade.

PALMETTO, TENN., May 15.—EDITOR BLADE:—Much has been said and written about the situation and state of affairs in the cotton states. Your correspondent is a native of South Carolina and lived there 18 years previous to the war. I have visited the old state twice since the war—once in 1869, and the last time in March, this year.

The state was under what they term "radical rule" in 1869, and to say the least of it, it was pretty rough. The leaders were mostly fortune-hunters and adventurers from other states, who, getting on the good side of the negro, managed to fill their pockets with ill-gotten gains.

Such was the state of affairs from the close of the war till '76, and the people thought themselves justified in using any means, fair or unfair, to get control of the state government. They don't deny it. They say they were obliged to do it. Therefore the question is not whether they did do so and so, but it is, "Were they justified in what they did do?"

The colored vote in South Carolina is a blank so far as to be looked to by Republicans. The registration act has completely settled the matter for an indefinite time. The registration act requires every voter to show his certificate when he presents his ballot. When a voter loses his certificate he can get a duplicate by swearing that he has lost or mislaid the original, otherwise he can't get it.

Now comes in the great scheme of disfranchisement. Thousands of colored voters have sold their certificates for different considerations, ranging in price from $1 to $10, and they dare not apply for another under th,s law, for fear of criminal prosecution.

So it is—a man who has sold his certificate or otherwise voluntarily disposed of it, is disfranchised so long as the registration act remains on the statutes.

This is a true statement of the vexed question in South Carolina, and I presume the same is practiced in other southern states. I know they have a registration law in Florida, but do not know the workings of it.

I talked with men in what is known as the Edgefield district, represented in Congress by Tillman, who are in sentiment as good Republicans as I am upon the great questions which divide the parties; yet they can't stand the name of Republican on account of a morbid sense of respectability. They say the first footprints of Republicanism in South Carolina were made by camel-baggers, and they can't be called their followers. Tillman was elected to Congress as a Democrat on his own platform, which was for protection of American industries.

Cotton and other factories are springing up all over the old South State, and the time will come when, if the spirit of Calhoun could speak to those people, it would say in thunder tones, "Change front! Protection is right when you have something to protect!"

If any one doubts what I say to you, before he says "it is a Republican lie," let him take a quiet trip through the old Palmetto State, and make an honest enquiry about the matter. Then if he does not find every word I have said and a great deal more to be true, I will pay the expenses of his trip. I will say more, he will find as kind and hospitable a people as he ever met anywhere. A NATIVE SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

WHERE THEY WERE BORN.

Curious and Interesting Statements Concerning Our Congressional Representatives.

When you have an idle hour, a look through the brief biographies of members, given in the Congressional Directory, will give you a surprising idea of the way in which the American people migrate from one section to another. A majority of the members were not born in the states which send them to Congress. There are in the present Congress 49 men born in New York, 38 born in Pennsylvania, 35 born in Ohio, 21 born in Kentucky, 23 born in Virginia, 16 born in Georgia, 19 in North Carolina, 16 in Indiana, 16 in Massachusetts, 14 in South Carolina and 11 in Maryland. On the other hand, there are but 5 men born in Illinois, but 1 born in Iowa, but 2 in Arkansas, but 2 in Texas and but 6 in Mississippi.

The present Congress contains also four members born in England, seven in Scotland, eight in Ireland, four in Germany, three in Canada, two in Norway, and one born in Sweden; one, Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, was born in the District of Columbia, of which his father was one of the earliest inhabitants. Ohio, which has contributed largely to other delegations, is tolerably faithful also in her own. She sends sixteen of her native sons to Congress, but has lent nineteen more to other states for the same service. Of Pennsylvania's 29, all but three are natives of the state. Of New York's 36, only nine were born outside of the state they represent. North Carolina, like Maine, Maryland and Delaware, sends out her own children.

Illinois has in her delegation of twenty-two only three born in her bounds. Of the Indiana delegation of fifteen, ten are native Hoosiers. Of Iowa's thirteen, not a man was born in the state, and the same is true of Kansas. Senator Beck, a Scotchman by birth, is the only one of the Kentucky delegation born outside of the state, and only four of the Louisiana eight all but three were born in the state they represent. Maine and Maryland send to the present Congress only Representatives and Senators born in their states. Four of the fourteen in the Massachusetts delegation were born out of that state. Of twelve Michiganders five are so by adoption. The Minnesota delegation of seven contains not a man born in the state, but it has one Representative born in Ireland, one in Sweden, one in Norway and one in Scotland. Only one of Mississippi's seven was born in that state—Mr. Allen, one of the famous wits of the House. Of Missouri's sixteen, nine came from other states, as did the whole of Nebraska's and Nevada's delegations. Two of New Hampshire's four and five of New Jersey's nine are natives of other states.

Of the Alabama delegation, ten in number, only one is a native of the state. Of seven in the Arkansas delegation, only two are natives of their state. That new states like California and Colorado should be entirely represented by natives of other states is not strange, but it is odd that of Connecticut's delegation of six only two were born in the state. Delaware stands solidly by her own children. Out of four Floridians, one, Senator Pasco, was born in England. Senator Call is a native of Kentucky, and Representative Dougherty is a Georgian. Of the Georgia delegation, Senator Brown, contrary to a general belief, is a South Carolinian; Mr. Crisp was born in Sheffield, England; Mr. Turner is a North Carolinian, the other men are native Georgians.

MRS. LOGAN'S POTATO PATCH.

The Truth About the Lot She Rents of Senator Sherman.

Mrs. Logan has been much annoyed by the story recently circulated that she pays rent to Senator Sherman for a piece of waste ground belonging to him. The truth is simply this: Senator Sherman and Gen. Miles own considerable ground near Mrs. Logan's home. Mrs. Logan has had the use of a pasture lot for her cow free for a number of years. But about a year ago she wished to plant some corn and potatoes. She saw that Senator Sherman's field adjoining her drive would be a convenient bit of land for the purpose. She wrote to the Senator and offered him $30 a year for the use of this ground. The offer stipulated that he should pay the taxes and put the fences in order. She would keep the ground as long as these terms were satisfactory to the Senator. Mrs. Logan made her own terms, and, as she said the other day, "I was only too glad to get the ground on my own."

Mrs. Logan is a woman of well-known industry and good management. To have her home free from debt and to be free from the worry incident to lack of means has lifted a great burden from her. Mrs. Logan is a grateful woman, and she sincerely appreciates the kindness and generosity of the friends who have made her future one of comfort and ease. But she is not a woman to sit down with folded arms because she might do so. On the contrary, she is a busy woman in her own house, and she has again taken up her work for the Garfield Hospital. She has been for some time president of the Ladies' Aid, but after her husband's death she found it impossible to attend to the duties. But she is now showing her old interest and is again actively at work for the hospital.

Take Calico, for Example.

Omaha Republican.

Of all the theories of free traders none is more ridiculous than that advanced by President Cleveland in his message, and by the advanced portion of the Democratic press which took it for granted that because Mr. Cleveland said so it must be true, that the tariff is added to the cost of the manufactured article. Take for instance, calico, an article purchased extensively in every poor man's home. It is protected by a tariff of five cents a yard, yet you can go to a dry goods store and buy it for five cents a yard. If Mr. Cleveland's theory is correct, therefore, should the tariff be removed calico will be given away. Perhaps Mr. Cleveland thought he was talking wisdom, but there are few people in this country who gave the matter a second thought that didn't know better.

THE METHODISTS

They Continue Their Earnest Discussions in New York.

NEW YORK, May 19.—The breach between the ministerial and lay delegates in the general Methodist conference, occasioned yesterday by the recommendations of the committee on ministerial and lay delegates concerning the equalization of representation was widened to-day.

When Bishop Nind called the session to order it was evident that the ministers intended if possible to defeat the adoption of the committees report by exactly the same tactics that the lay delegates yesterday defeated Dr. Queal's substitute.

The taking up of the report of the committee on which the conference was at a dead lock when the time for adjournment came yesterday was by unanimous consent. A ministerial delegate demanded that the vote be taken by orders, and the layman got back at the preachers by calling for the ayes and noes.

No one was in doubt as to what the result of this would be, but when Dr. J. M. Buckley, who yesterday spoke against the adoption of the report and voted in favor of Dr. Queal's substitute, voted "aye" there went up a murmur of surprise.

Dr. Buckley wanted to explain his vote, but the conference would not permit it. Several other of the ministerial phalanx, who yesterday voted against the report followed Buckley's lead and to-day voted for its adoption.

After the call of the ministers had been completed Drs. W. F. King, Weedon, A. W. Stuart, who had voted "no," changed their votes to "aye." Dr. Achord, who came in late, also voted for the report. Yesterday Dr. Achord voted for Dr. Queals' substitute.

The result of the change of these votes was that the report was adopted, a majority of both orders voting in favor of it. The vote was as follows: Ministerial delegates favoring it, 157; opposed, 114; lay delegates for, 121; against, 24.

Dr. Kynett then moved to have a report offered by him on Friday taken from the table and referred to a special committee. This resolution provides for the appointment of a committe to determine what is the ocnstitution of the church and suggest such changes therein as they may find necessary.

Dr. Hunt then offered an amendment suggesting the division of the conference into separate houses, which was carried. The conference took up the order of the day, which was the consideration of the report of the committee on Episcopacy on the missionary bishopric.

The Rev. W. H. Olin, of Wyoming, the chairman of the committee read the report. It was a lengthy document and a very interesting one as it dealt with the question whether Bishop Taylor of the African mission is a true bishop or not.

It practically settled the much mooted question, and plainly said a missionary bishop is a bishop in the true sense of the term.

After a lengthy explanation the committee offered the following resolution:

1—That a missionary bishop is a bishop, elected for a specified foreign mission, filled with full Episcopal powers, but with Episcopal jurisdiction limited to the foreign mission field, for which he was elected.

2—That a missionary bishop is not in the meaning of the discipling a general superintendent.

3—That a missionary bishop is not subordinate to the general superintendents or any of them, but is amenable for his conduct to the general conference, as is a general superintendent.

4—That the election of a missionary bishop carries with it the assignment to a specified foreign mission field, and that a missionary bishop cannot be made general superintendent, except by a district election to that effect.

5—That a missionary bishop, his jurisdiction being in a foreign mission field, should receive his support from the funds of the missionary society as said funds have been contributed to sustain the workers of th hurch in its foreign mission fields.

6—That paying the salary of a missionary bishop from the funds of the missionary society does not diminish, or in any way effect his status as a bishop.

7—That a missionary bishop should in his field co-operate with the missionary society of the church in the same way that a general superintendent co-operates in the foreign mission field, over which he has episcopal charge.

Each of the resolutions was voted on in turn. In a very short time the first resolution was almost unanimously adopted.

Preparing for the Ecumenical Council—The Order of Election—Routine Business.

NEW YORK, May 21.—To-day's session of the General Methodist Conference was presided over by Bishop Walden.

Dr. Paine, of Ohio, of the committee on Education, presented a report in reference to removing the discriminations now existing against the colored schools, such schools, as set forth in the memorial of the New England conference, which report was adverfe to the memorials.

The report provoked some discussion but it was finally adopted.

The committee on Ecumenical council reported a resolution in connection with the coming Ecumenical conference, which recommended that each annual conference should send two clerical and two lay delegates.

Dr. Walsh offered as an amendment that the delegation consist of but two representatives instead of four. Adopted, and the report as thus amended was passed.

Then came up the question as to where the money was to come from to meet the expenses of the delegates to this conference. Dr. Hunt offered a resolution that the general conference should not incur any expense in connection with the ecumenical council.

Dr. Smart, who is the guardian of the funds of the Methodist book concern, got up and wanted to know where the money was to come from, he declared that not one penny of the book concern fund could be used and if it was done it would simply be misappropriating its funds and only be a dishonest transaction. His remarks were loudly applauded and the resolution of Dr. Hunt was adopted.

The committee on Episcopacy then, through Dr. Lanahan reported that the order of election and recommended that all nominations for offices, except bishops, should be made in open conference without comment. Bishops will be first elected, then agents of the book concern, then secretaries and then editors.

They Proceed to the Election of Bishops.

NEW YORK, May 22.—For the first time since the 20th General Conference began every seat in the vast auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera-house was filled to-day when Bishop Mallilieu opened the session. A second missionary bishop to India came up immediately after the reading of the journal.

Dr. Flood made an earnest appeal for such a bishopric. Dr. Langhan opposed it and marveled at the sudden conversion of some of the brethren. He believed in sudden conversions but held that conviction must precede it. He could not understand how it was possible for the brethren, who, in one breath, opposed such an appointment, should, in the next, turn around and advocate it.

The result of Dr. Laughan's opposition was that the matter was temporarily laid on the table.

Gen. Fisk then moved to hold a special session of the conference on Thursday evening, for the purpose of considering the report of the committee on temperance and prohibition, which was passed.

Bishop Bowman then prayed especially in reference to the order of the day, after which the election of bishops began.

Four sections of tellers, consisting of three each and one at-large, were announced by Bishop Andrews, and took their places in the aisle.

Before the actual voting began much time was taken up in settling the question as to whether ballots containing less than the required number of names should be counted or thrown out. After much discussion, it was decided to count them, and the voting began in earnest.

NO CHOICE ON THE FIRST BALLOT.

The total number of votes cast on the first ballot was 447.

The number necessary for a choice was 298.

The votes cast for the leading candidates was as follows: Dr. J. H. Vincent, 215; Dr. J. N. Fitzgerald, 195; Dr. J. A. Goodsell, 158; Dr. J. F. Newman, 156; Dr. J. W. Joyce, 145; Dr. Payne, 130; Drs. James M. King and Earl Cranston, 128 each; Dr. Kynett, 119; H. A. Butts, 115.

There were 26 candidates who received less than 100 votes, and over 50 who received but one vote each. On motion, the time in which to elect bishops was extended.

SECOND BALLOT—RESULT NOT ANNOUNCED.

NEW YORK, May 2.—A second ballot was taken and the conference then took a recess until 7 o'clock this evening, when the result of the count will be made known.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

May 25 Set Apart to Consider the Question of Uniting the Churches North and South.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—In the Presbyterian general assembly, to-day, the following telegram was received from the Presbyterian general assembly at Baltimore:

"The general assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States, in session at Baltimore, sends its cordial and fraternal greetings to the general assembly in the United States of America. The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men even as we do toward you, to the end that He may establish your heart unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father at at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints.

A congratulatory letter was also received from the Protestant Episcopal convention of the diocese of Pennsylvania and another from the general synod of the Reformed churches of France.

On motion of Dr. Herrick Johnson, the report of the committee on the question of organic union with the Southern church was made the second order of the day for Friday, May 25, the day following the joint centenary meeting of the two assemblies in this city.

Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D., of Philadelphia, read the report of the standing committee on missions for freedmen. It showed receipts from the churches amounting to $131,653, a gain of $35,131 over the preceding year in addition to personal contributions from colored people of over $25,000.

The report showed a very satisfactory condition of the work among the freedmen. The secretary of the freedmen's committee, Rev. H. H. Allen, D. D., spoke eloquently in behalf of the colored race, and was followed by Rev. W. R. Bingham, D. D. The report of the standing committee was accepted and a recess until 2:30 p. m. taken.

Home Missions Being Discussed at the Philadelphia Meeting.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22.—Home Missions occupied the attention of the Presbyterian general assembly this morning. Prior to the reading of the report by Rev. E. D. Morris, D. D., the committee on Bills and Overtures returned to the general assembly a number of overtures referred to them.

One of these from the Presbytery of Dayton, O., proposing a change in the time of the week of prayer, was accompanied by a recommendation that it was inexpedient for the general assembly to order a change at this time, but the stated clerk was directed to correspond with the Evangelical alliance upon the subject.

The committee on correspondence reported a committee of seven members of the assembly to confer with the Methodist conference in regard to Sabbath observance. Dr. Morris's report on the operations of the board of Home Missions was a long and interesting document, showing a very encouraging year in missionary work. Beginning with a debt of $21,681, the board has been able to meet all demands made upon it, and closed the year with a small cash balance.

Missouri Episcopals.

ST. LOUIS, May 22.—The Episcopal diocese of Missouri began its annual session

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ARBITRARY MRS. GRUNDY.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

In social matters Mrs. Grundy holds absolute sway, not only in this country, but in all others. Her requisitions may be very different, or even diametrically opposed, upon different parts of the globs, but there is no appeal from her authority wherever she chooses to make it known. When she says that women shall never appear upon the street unless closely veiled from the gaze of the outside world, that is a daring spirit which would venture to disobey. If she lays down a law that men shall be rigorously excluded from the presence of the fair ones, he who dares to defy her dictates does so at his own exceeding peril. So determined is she in Oriental countries, so jealous of any lack of respect for her decrees, that she joins hands with the law, and makes obedience a matter of life and death.

Modern civilization does not permit her to have such an autocratic sway as this, but her will is supreme within certain limits. Disobedience involves, usually, nothing worse than social ostracism, and yet this, to those ambitious of shining in society, contains a bitterness that is almost equal to that of death.

Mrs. Grundy is, however, more generous and placable in the United States than in any other country which the sun shines upon. She is less stringent about trifles, and less arbitrary in the laws which she lays down for government in social matters. She permits a wider departure from old established standards without victimizing the one who thus ventures. Doubtless, this has been owing to the fact that society was composed of a heterogenous mass without defined caste lines, other than those made by chance, while a free-and-easy element, the natural consequent of life in a comparatively new country, has, so far, kept the lady somewhat in check. That she is gradually introducing into the larger cities some of the discipline she wields in the older countries is apparent. To what degree she may be able to further conventionalize society here, remains to be seen. She has already put enough of her forms into it to render it hollow and distasteful, except to the very young who see only the brightness and glitter and enjoy the novelty, or to those who are so wedded to its frivolities that a divorce is impossible.

The question is how far an obedience to Mrs. Grundy ought to be carried. There is no doubt but harmful results follow that subservience, which is almost worship, that is beginning to make a part of social life here. One of the worst is the extravagance caused by the ambition to keep up appearances. Herbert Spencer somewhere says that "the desire to be *comme il faut*, which underlies all conformities, whether of manners, dress or styles of entertainment, is the desire which makes many a spendthrift and many a bankrupt." And it is true. Could the history of the failures in business, the embezzlements in places of trust, and the sad tragedies which come into many a home be fairly traced, it would be found that Mrs. Grundy had no small part in the majority. A regard to the conventionalities which she establishes, up to a certain point is right. Beyond that it ceases to be innocent. It even becomes criminal.

The great trouble is to know where it is wise to begin to disobey. The reputation of singularity or eccentricity which may thus be so easily acquired, is not, by any means, always a pleasant one. If the object of the departure is to revolutionize public sentiment in some directions, in order to induce a better state of things, then one is likely to find the very first step has placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way of further progress. Just as soon as anyone is regarded as a crank upon any subject, that moment it might as well be dropped, so far as the accomplishing of any good by influencing public opinion is concerned. Changes in social laws, even when only conventionalities are concerned, are looked upon from a very conservative point of view.

Rules there must be for the government of social intercourse, but when Mrs. Grundy multiplies them infinitely, until there is only one vast pile of formalities, ponderous as those of the Chinese which have been the fruit of the centuries, all the heart is taken out, leaving only a hollow shell behind. Rules of etiquette that have no reason for being are as much out of place as buttons upon a dress, which by no sort of hallucination, can be made to button anything.

This is the danger which now threatens us in the United States. The simple, courtly manners in the best society of the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers have passed away. They disappeared with the ruffled shirt bosoms and the knickerbockers, and were succeeded by a sort of freedom which was, in many cases, only another name for a rude license, and this again has produced a reaction which promises an artificiality that does not argue well for our social future. When position is affected by such trivialities as style of dress or mode of living, though both conform to circumstances, more especially when the difference is not made by lack of cultivation or refinement, it is time for a general call to halt. This country claims to be democratic in its proclivities, but I often think what an absurdity this must appear to foreigners, when they come here and witness the struggles of shoddydom to draw cast-iron lines which an entirely different state of society has established in their own country.

Within the last few years a new disease has broken out in the society of the Eastern large cities which, instead of pity, is deserving only of ridicule. It is true that the most violent development has been among the rather weak-in-the-brain wealthy young men, but from the very fact that they have the advantage of money, comes the danger of it spreading. Its marked feature is the imitation of the very worst forms of English mannerisms. If only those things really admirable were chosen, it would not matter so much, but they are little petty follies and affectations which the better class of the English would itself scorn, and which only tend to make society more artificial and farther removed from what the ideal of a people should be. The masculine departures from true dignity make one think regretfully of Tennyson's description of a gentleman:

"Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,
Best seem'd the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind."

The best society is that society which is the expression of the best there is in a people. There is no shoddyism, no affectations of the type of Anglomania. The men bear "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman," while the woman possesses the purity and simplicity of manners that mark the true lady everywhere.

This country has an unlimited amount of the material out of which this ideal society can be formed. The only trouble is, that it is yet in a sort of chaotic state, with nothing of permanency in its best features, outside of a few of the larger centers. There are cultivated people everywhere, but with the wide possibilities of change that exist here, they are as likely to be found in a Kansas dug-out as in the brown-stone front of upper New York. That this is so, is upon the one hand a good thing, because the influence of one such dug-out will leaven a whole neighborhood, but on the other, the lack of permanence prevents the formation of a brilliant and courtly etiquette such as rules in the higher circles of society in Europe. Whether the loss in one way, compensates for the gain in other, is the question.

Meanwhile, no people can do entirely without a Mrs. Grundy to make rules by which social intercourse is governed, but the more simple they are, so long as they dignify manhood and womanhood, the better.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

HAND-BAGS.—These have become so much the part of a lady's outfit, and there are so many varieties that anybody can be suited. A very pretty one is made of the figured China silk for the upper part. Across the bottom upon both sides put a dark plush band about one-third as wide as the bag is long. Trim the bottom with tassels of colors to match those in the upper part of the bag. Make the shirr for the string about one inch and a half from the upper edge. If liked, a narrow edging may be put upon this edge. The ribbon or cord used to draw it up should be of the color of the lining which shows in the ruffle made in drawing it up.

Another pretty one is made of satin. Then get twelve dozen small rings at the hardware store and crochet a cover over them with silk of some contrasting color with the satin. If any one cannot crochet, she can button hole the covering upon the rings. Tack these together in rows, making it just long enough to go around the bag in the same way that the plush band did, and finish the bag in the same style.

Another bag is made of strips of ribbon twice the length of the bag overstitched together, then lined, sewed up at the sides and drawn up as before. Across the bottom may be fringe or a plaiting of lace, just as preferred.

Pretty bags may be made of wool goods as, for instance, cashmere. Cut a piece twice as long as the length of the bag. Have a band of velvet about five inches wide and twice as long as the width of the bag. Sew this on one edge of into points Put this, points upward, around the bottom of the bag, appliqueing them down and finishing with fancy stitches. Put loops of ribbon across the bottom. These bags are usually 12 to 14 inches long by eight or nine wide. The size can be varied to suit the maker.—Ed.

The pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration can be had by sending 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

HOW TO MAKE SHUCK MATS.

Strip the shucks from the stem, then dip in water, shake and lay in another pan. If the shucks are very wide one split them once and use only the whitest and longest. Now take three shucks and tie with a string about half a finger from the butt end of the shuck. Then divide into three strands, and every time you lay a strand over put in a shuck and leave the half finger tie up and braid the other end in the strand. Sew together with a darning needle and twine.—MRS. JONES.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind or slip, make; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; s st, single stitch; sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FEATHERSTITCH TIDY.—Use two coarse knitting needles, and cotton No. 10 or 12. Cast on 130 stitches, which knits five times through the pattern, and three for each edge, which are knit every time across, instead of being purled, except first and last stitch, which is slipped every time. To make tidy larger or smaller increase or diminish by 25 stitches, that number being required for each pattern. Knit across three times plain before commencing pat tern; also the same at the end before binding off, to correspond. 1st row—k 2 tog 4 times—o and k 1 8 times—k 2 tog 4 times—p 1—repeat. 2d row—p; 3rd row—plain knitting; 4th row—k 2 tog—repeat again at 1st row. This is exceedingly pretty for anything so simple and easily accomplished.—A. M. D.

KNITTED TIDY.—With tidy cotton No. 16, cast on 126 stitches. 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th and 11th rows, seam across; 2nd row—k 2 tog—k 3—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 2 tog—k 3—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k—o—k 2—repeat. 4th row—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 2—repeat; 6th row—s 1—k 2 tog—draw slipped stitch over—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—s 1—k 2 tog—draw slipped stitch over—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 2—repeat; 8th row—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 2 tog—k 3—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—repeat; 10th row—k 2—o—k 3—o—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog; 12th row—k 2—o—k 5—o—k 1—s 1—k 2 tog—draw slipped stitch over—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—s 1—k 2 tog—draw slipped stitch over; repeat as long as desired.—BLUE EYES.

CROCHETED BORDER FOR EDGE OF WASTE, PAPER OR DUSTPAN BASKET.—Make a chain two more than will reach around 1st row—1 treble in next stitch, then alternately 2 chain, 1 treble in 3d following stitch. 2d row—1 double in next treble, then alternately 5 chain, miss 2, 1 double in next stitch. Sew bails along this border, and sew it to the basket, and also around the basket lid. Along the top of the back is a yard and a half of ribbon sewed and rows along a chain of proper length: 1 double in 4th following stitch, then alternately 5 chain, 1 double in 4th following stitch, turn the work, then for every yard crochet forth and back, 3 chains, 1 double in next chain arch, 5 times alternately 5 chains, 1 double in next arch, 3 chain, turn the work, 1 double in next arch, 4 times alternately 5 chain, 1 double in next arch, 3 chain turn the work, 1 double in next arch, 3 times alternately 5 chain, 1 double in next arch, 3 chain, turn the work, 1 double in next arch, twice alternately 5 chain, 1 double in next arch, 3 chain, turn the work, 1 double in next arch, 5 chain, 1 double in next arch, fasten off. Then sew on large and small bails, around the edge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN OLD ST. LOUIS CEMETERY.—It was mid-February, 1885, in New Orleans, but the sky's deep blue and fleecy banks of clouds hinted May, and the air whispered something of fragrant Mexican violets just bursting into bloom.

We had spent the morning in a curious study of the picturesque mass of humanity flowing through Canal street, had loitered slowly through Rampart, making a note of the "little dead church" standing like a hermit in its somber habit of brown, and then in exploring Conti Rue had paused before the gateway of the high brick wall which jealously guards the quaint old cemetery at St. Louis No. 2. The gates stood open, no sentinel challenged our entrance and with open note book we wandered through its silent streets.

A spot more unlike a Northern burial ground can not be imagined No velvet green coverlet rests above the sleeper's breast; no vase drops its dewy lips to kiss his low mound with perfume, while the sod in living verdure as an emblem of the life eternal.

We looked down the quiet streets and shading our eyes from the bright sunshine as it was reflected from the white shell walks saw what was literally a city of the dead. Each resident had his own family mausoleum, with the name and the names of the kindred who shared it with him, carved on the door which "never outward swings."

No vacant lots invited purchasers, and so close did building stand to building that it was often difficult to edge one's way along the narrow path between. Proud Creole might have shaken hands with proud Creole from their respective tombs.

Whether a corpse greatly cares what materials enter into the construction of its last home, or how it is fashioned, may be an open question, but certainly the lines of distinction in this city of the dead were drawn in bigger and smarter lines.

There were low structures of bare brick, marked only by a rude cross of iron, on which a name and a date had been faintly scrawled. There were edifices of the same material covered with stucco in tints of gray, pink and blue.

There were spacious family mansions of marble, whose solid, respectable air showed that their inmates even in death had not forgotten their position in society. There were temples where the light strained through rich stained glass over the high altar, where the Virgin lifted her pleading eyes to Heaven.

A window in one of these chapels represented the last scenes in the life of that Divine One who, through the death on the cross, won Life Eternal for man. A beautiful subject for a shrine to the beloved and lost.

There were spacious society tombs looking very much like those square, old-fashioned mansions, built for large families and boundless hospitalities, only this was the hospitality of death, and the house furnished by some charitable institution, or by some order, was the poor corpse's last home. They were grave yards in themselves. The long line of slabs rising tier above tier, numbered from ten to twenty and each slab concealed a niche capable of sheltering two coffins at one time. Often the slabs bore not two, but three and four names with as many different dates.

It was difficult to understand how so numerous a company could be accommodated in such narrow limits until we remembered how quickly under this Southern sin the human body obeys the divine command, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shall return." A beloved daughter of a New Orleans family of the middle class dies and her form is tenderly committed to the keeping of the family oven (niche) in a tomb in St. Louis cemetery. Five years pass away and another sister rejoins her in the silent land. The family niche is opened, the precious dust of the departed, for it is literally nothing but a handful of dust, is swept to the farther end, and the new coffin takes its place. The replaced slab sealing the niche bears the name of both sisters.—LYDIA STRAWN, Ottawa, Ill.

HER IDEAS.—I wish that I could shake hands with "Moss Rose" and "Phil's Wife." I think they are right regarding their ideas about the punishment and management of children. As far as my own experience and observation is concerned, I have proved beyond a doubt, in my own mind at least, that children as a rule are much easier governed by kindness than by unkindness. Of course one must be firm as well as gentle. Children need correct judgment, firm will and great, never-failing patience. As soon as a little child is old enough to understand anything at all, it is then that government should begin. It seems to me a great mistake to postpone the correction of a child until it is old enough to show bad temper and obstinacy. If you will commence early, it will take very little trouble to make them understand and see that you are master and must be obeyed. A little love, a tender admonition or remonstrance will soon teach the little ones the lesson you wish.

Do not leave all the correcting for the father, never threaten children with their father's displeasure, dear mother. Surely the children are as much yours as his, not only to love and care for, but also to correct as well. No one can talk to and find the way to a child's heart so quickly as "mother." Her loving talks will do more to reduce a child to abject penitence than a dozen talks or punishments received at a father's hands.

Be careful of what is said, or talked of before your children; teach them that a lie is one of the worst sins that they commit, and above all keep your boys and girls at home nights. Make home the dearest place on earth to them and they will be contented there; join in their games and be yourself a child with your children. Teach them to confide to you, never laugh at or ridicule them. Do not scold or punish them for an accident, never laugh at their mistakes or misfortunes, and never destroy a cherished pet or play-thing. Children as a rule are very sensitive and often grieve over things that are said to them in jest.

Just a word more. Teach your girls and boys that poverty is no disgrace and that honorable employment is something to be proud of, and that idleness is a disgrace.

I send a narrow knitted edge, and directions for a pretsy tidy, for "L. M. Ulah." I have some samples of gold ore, and silver ore also that "E. T. Carder" can have if he cares to pay postage on them, also books and papers, if he will send postage and will also send "Charles Hutchinson" books and papers that perhaps would interest him. The latter are some that "The head of the house" used to take and enjoy reading. If he will send postage he can have them.

I cannot knit, but have many handsome knitting patterns or instructions, that many of my friends would send for and liked, and I would like very much to exchange the written instructions through the HOUSEHOLD of knitted tidies, edgings and insertions for samples or directions of crocheted lace. Will not some one send a pretty crochet pattern for me? I will soon send a beautiful crocheted wheel for a tidy. The instructions for said wheel are very plain and easy for anything as handsome and seemingly complicated. I am sure all the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD that haven't it already will agree with me in thinking it very pretty.—ADELE M. DEERING, 6 Hoffman street, Auburn, Cayuaga Co., N. Y.

WHAT JOHN'S WIFE SAYS.—I wonder if the pocketbook question is settled satisfactorily. Don't know how my case may apply to others, but when I carried the pocketbook as one of the members of teachers who earned from $30 to $35 per month and the envy of all farmers' daughters, etc., who worked at home for board and what clothes the butter and eggs would buy—and right here I want to say, fortunate as I was thought to be, when my John came and asked me to keep house for him I was glad to change, for I was not coaxed or humbugged into saying yes, but said it because I wanted to just as much as he wanted me to. (It seems to me by the letters to the BLADE that most of the wives have been persuaded against their will, and now, after five years, I want to remark that it seems good to ask some one for money, and let him just count out what it for. If I didn't like that way of doing I certainly would try to earn it myself.

Some wives think they earn half, and therefore should carry half in their pocketbook. I wonder if they ever think of the responsibility attending an equal division, or do they just want half the income and no responsibility? It seems to me if the family needs a head manager, and what wife would not despise her husband if he were not capable of being the head. I believe any true woman would—but there are many sides to this question—and all kinds of husbands and all sorts of wives—and selfishness is such an everyday sin, and in my belief the cause of more than half the sorrow in married life. Wives are selfish, and husbands are more selfish: when if each would try to do right and please the other they might and would be just as happy as they ever were in their wildest dreams, and as God intended husband and wife to be.

Let me add a postscript and say don't scold wife because you have to be made every month, or soon after your selfish husband has done something to try and please you. Some call this "wheedling," but call it by any name you please, human nature is just the same in either sex, and he or she who scolds often and at the wrong time loses all their power. Try it on your children and see how soon they get used to it; or let some one try it an you and see if it puts you in a mood to be unselfish.

The servant question is another. Is there not always some one "above us" and "below us?" and it seems to me just the way we look on those below we expect to be looked upon from those above. Do you suppose I feel snubbed because my richer neighbors don't ask me to their table? Or do I feel unkindly to those whom I do not ask to my table? Let us respect ourselves and our work and not worry, but that we shall rise as our talents demand it.—JOHN'S WIFE.

INQUIRIES.

Last winter, some one signing themself R. D Mc., gives this way of putting up eggs to keep a year: To 1 qt. of salt add 1 qt. of unslacked lime add 6 gals. boiling water, etc., making the recipe very plain and clear to follow.

I, who am interested on this subject and have tried several ways, gave it a trial. Last April I procured 12 dozen fresh eggs and put them in a 6 gallon stone jar, using as much of the above recipe as I thought quantity of eggs required. Eight months after I used the first dozen. I find them good in looks and smell, but the yolks sticks to the shell so that it breaks in turning out of the shell; therefore, the eggs could not be used for table except in omelette, for let a soft boiled egg be ever so good, if the yolk breaks in pulling out of shell, few persons, and especially gentlemen, will eat one. Will the writer of the recipe make explanation, or if others have used it, give their experience?

The only way I have yet discovered in keeping eggs so that the yolk will not stick to the shell is to put in wooden boxes, the eggs set on ends in layers with a thick layer of good salt between each row and turning the boxes over every two or three weeks. They will keep all winter, but must be put up in the fall of the year, which is a great drawback, as fresh eggs are then scarce and higher priced than in the spring. This recipe I have used for the last 20 years. I put them up for my own use only.—OHIO.

Will some one tell how to manage and feed the brown mocking bird? What is their natural food? Some know them as the thrush or brown thresher. The one that will answer will oblige a subscriber.—J. T. YOUNGS.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE send me any illustrated magazines? I am so fond of reading matter and not able to take any magazine, being a minister's wife. Will be glad to reciprocate in some way.—MRS. Rev. W. S. HOLCOMB, Colton, Whitman county, Wash. Ter.

I want to ask some of the readers of the BLADE if they can tell what is the cause of that irons rusting, and how to prevent.—F. B. HERRICK.

Does any BLADE reader know of a sure remedy to remove face flesh worms; have tried washing face with soap and then bathing with camphor, but this does not remove them.—DELLA.

Can any one tell why it is that occasionally one of my thriftiest geraniums will begin to droop, first one limb and then another, until the whole plant is gone? Have lost three of my very best plants in that way within a year, two in pots and one after it was bedded out. The roots looked hard and dead with no fresh roots, although the tops had made a remarkably vigorous growth up to the time when they began to die.—A. A. JAMES.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

For Mrs. Finck.—Tell her so wash her walls or ceiling well with strong vinegar. Fill a basin half full. Take a soft rag and wash till the vinegar is very limy; then empty and take fresh, just as though it were water. Then put the paper on when the wall is dry again and there will be no danger of the paper coming off.—MRS. KAGLER.

For Mrs. Julia F. Perceival.—Your floor would be better to keep off it for one day at least, though I used mine nearly all the time. I laid down thick papers to walk on. At first tracks will show badly, but they wash off easily, and there are no grease spots to scrub out.—A. A. JAMES,

To the lady who wishes to know how to remove ink stains from a tidy.—Dip the injured portion in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow, and the ink will disappear with it. Coal oil will remove ink after having been washed with soap. Sweet milk will remove ink or stains of fruit and tea from linen or colored muslins, where acids would be injurious. Wash out before having been soaped, as soap will set the stains. Juice of lemon and salt will remove ink stains and also mildew from white fabrics. Apply and expose to strong sunlight. You may have to saturate several times. The remedy is sure.—N. G. L.

I would say to "Discouraged," try churning oftener than "twice a week in warm weather" if you are sure everything else is all right. In order to have good keeping butter, a great deal depends on the freshness of the cream. I do not like my cream to stand long at any time. I can give some good recipes for preserving butter so it will keep a long time if it is good when put away.—MRS. N. G. L.

"Mrs. Fred. L. Drury."—To take kerosene oil out of a carpet, pour gasoline where the oil is spilled. No care need be taken as to keeping the gasoline from spreading further than the injured portion, it will evaporate as readily as so much water—leaving no traces behind it. Care should be taken to never use gasoline for such purposes near a fire or by lamp light—always in day time and where there is no fire—or at least no open fires—taking care to close all drafts to stoves. Carpets need not be taken up—just be sure to get enough on. It is as cheap as kerosene.

For the benefit of readers of the BLADE I will give some more uses to be made of gasoline. There is no better exterminator for bed bugs. Can be used on the nicest of furniture, on the wall, or brussels lounges, etc., without the slightest injury. I have known instances where cots or lounges would have had to be discarded had it not have been for this remedy. It will remove grease or oils of any kind from woolen clothing, either gentlemen's coats or dress goods, cashmere, etc. Evaporates readily. Pour on plentifully, always taking care not to use gasoline near a fire or lamp. Day time is the better time to apply it. Splendid to pour over cages to eradicate red mites, so fatal to large numbers of canary birds; remove birds into another cage, then pour gasoline in all hiding places, the fumes of the gas will soon subside, then the birds can be restored to the cage again. Can readily determine if troubled with mites by placing a dish of water in bottom of cage at night. Can see them on top of water, little red specks. They hide in cracks of the cage in day time, a feast on the birds at night. I lost a number of birds before I learned the customs of the mites; tried bird powder with little benefit. Now I do not fear them.—N. G. L.

A letter was received some time ago from A. B. C., asking questions in regard to the Toledo Academy of Fine Arts, which would have been answered privately had not the envelope with address been lost.

The Academy is a most excellent school and any one in earnest cannot fail to make progress. Its teachers are among the best to be found anywhere. Board can be obtained at very cheap rates at a hotel established here for girls and women who cannot afford to pay the usual boarding house rates. All of the comforts of home may be had, under the care of a kind, motherly matron.- As to obtaining board in a private family upon the terms mentioned in your letter is impossible. It is possible that it might be done.—ED.

I would say to Annie Louise for freckles take horseradish and grate in sour milk. Apply twice a day. Also, to make your hands white, equal parts of lemon and glycerine; mix, and bathe your hands just before retiring and sleep in kid gloves or woolen mits. For biting your finger nails, trim them close and guard yourself.—KANSAS SUNFLOWER.

To the sisters who have asked me by mail to please tell how I liked my floor painted with permanganate af potash, I should like to say through the BLADE (also for the benefit of others who might try it), that the result is not satisfactory. I prepared it according to directions, 1 oz. of per. pot. to 1 gallon of water. The stain when dry was not perceptible. I added another ounce, which produced a pale yellow stain, but on applying the oil the floor assumed a dingy hue. (If any of you want to see the exact hue, pour some boiling fat off smoked meat on your floor, and you will have the color.) It is dark and doleful-looking, neither brown nor any shade of tan or lead color, but a combination of all. It shows footprints and every particle of dust, and requires a great deal of water and soak to mop it. I used to sweep my ochre-painted floor with two pails of water, and go off to my other work, and in a few minutes (two hours would be dry and shining. I tried sweeping this off, but every stroke of the broom was plainly visible. Some one please tell me how to restore my floor to its former paintless condition.—OLD SUB, Broken Bow, Neb.

Our community is becoming somewhat roused on the subject of so-called Christian science, or Metaphysical healing. I would like (and I think it might be a benefit to others) to have your opinion on the subject, through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, if it is expedient to do so. If it is a grand humbug, we want to know it. If it is truth it self, the sooner we find it out the better.—EARNEST.

Christian Science is to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, a living, vital truth which helps her to health and happiness as nothing else has ever done. It is something that each individual must seek for herself, and if she does this in all sincerity, God will show her the way.

There are, of course, pretenders in this as in every good thing since the world began, but the accredited students of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College are to be trusted.—ED.

RECIPES.

OINTMENT FOR THE HANDS.—That I call splendid.—One oz. white wax, 1 oz. spermaceti, 2 ozs. sweet almond oil. Melt wax and spermaceti; pour in oil and it is ready.—JEP. SMITH.

Mrs. C. Rindell—Use exterminator for plant lice; it is only 10 cents an ounce and is sure to kill every time. I would not be without it. Dust it on with a tin pepper box. It never hurts the plants.—MRS. FRANCES B.

TAPIOCA FRUIT PUDDING.—1 ½ cupful of tapioca soaked over night in 1 qt. of cold water. In the morning cover the bottom of a baking dish with any kind of fruit, either canned or fresh, sweeten the tapioca with ½ cupful of sugar, add a little salt and nutmeg, pour over the fruit and bake 1 hour. Serve with sauce.—MRS. EX.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Whites of 8 eggs, ½ of a cupful of butter, the same of sweet milk, 2 cupfuls sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Icing (which is splendid), 1 cupful grated chocolate, 1½ cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful sweet milk. Boil until it stiffens in water. Be careful not to burn.—DELLA.

CHURN FAN.—Cut two round pieces of linen five inches in diameter, baste out edge; stitch eight or ten very narrow spit cases for feathers; whip small wire round out edge; take one stitch through each feather, and holding cloth full to give right shape. The feathers should be from four to six inches in length; cut hole in middle to fit churn stitch; make a sheath and sew in to touch top of cone; run drawer string in so you can drop fan four or five inches above the lid, the sheaf saves the unpleasant hand sweating. With a fan of this kind and with a glance of the eye to see that it is kept moving a child can churn with no fears of the leg of a fly in one place, the head and wings in another while the body is added to the bulk of butter, as I, an unwilling witness have seen.

Can't some genius invent a ventilated churn lid? My experience is that milk, while churning needs air as well as water to make the butter and milk separate and make the butter gather nicely. I think it could be done by inserting a piece of perforated tin, pan shaped, in middle of churn lid.—MRS. JOHN L. EVANS.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Or Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BARTLETT, KAN.	Willis A Tschudy	Frank Donaldson
Angie Sellman	J Homerighouse	Earnest Riggs
Bernice Sellman	Lily Kinsey	Jessie Riggs
Birdie Sellman	Ida Kinsey	Myrtle Riggs
BRANCHVILLE, N.J.	John Ulrich	Pearl Reed
Mamie O Wykes	J M Nicholas	Hal Reed
Ida M Wilson	Mary L Kreus	Will Reed
Carrie Westbrook	RUSSELLVILLE,	Jim Reed
Margie B Wyker	TENN.	Walter Roddy
John D Wyker	W T Miller	Annie Roddy
Geo A Westbrook	Edlie Lockwood	Mabel Roddy
Maggie A Rutan	Bob Lockwood	Audley Galbraith
Anna Dalrymple	Mary Lockwood	Geo Hale
B H Dalrymple	Laura Lockwood	Ches Nennie
NORTH READING, MASS.	Birdie Lockwood	Jay Donaldson
	Ida Lockwood	Geo Bewley
J Willie Crowell	Dora Lockwood	Charlie Wall
LOCK 17, O.	Buoy Doak	Joseph Wall
Cecilia S Bigler	Hunt Doak	George Wall
Wm C Kinsey	Lizzie Doak	John Donahoe
Ida M Meyer	Nannie Hale	Daisy Bewley
Loreta Kuhn	Frank Ford	Grandville Amis
Mary Simmers		

Names this week, 60. Total 23,576.

The above embraces all names received up to May 17.

For the Blade Young People.

TWELVE YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

BY R. L. H.

Twelve years old to-day!
You're healthy, strong and gay;
The future—all is bright to view,
In school, at play.
Time speeds away,
With constant change from old to new.

Twelve years old to-day!
Let gladness have the sway;
Your birthday—all is joy for you,
With sports and toys,
With girls and boys,
Give pleasure place, bid books adieu.

Twelve years old to-day!
Drive needless care away;
Your childhood—oh, how soon 'tis o'er,
A few short days,
With books and plays,
Then earnest work—youth comes no more.

Twelve years old to-day!
Be youthful while you may;
Before you stands life's open door,
Let earnest thought,
And lessons taught,
Your guidance be life's pathway o'er.

Twelve years old to-day!
How bounteous the pay,
For time well spent and good deeds done;
Then age will find,
A happy mind,
A useful life thus well begun.

BOY WANTED.

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters's window. For a day or two—sometimes for only an hour or two—it would be missing, and passers by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and, in their opinion, he would look a good while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of the reasons, boys were anxious to try to suit him. All he wants is a fellow to run of errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted something more than a boy to run of errands. John Simmons found it out, and this is the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning and had been kept busy all the forenoon at a quarter's length work, although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place. It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in another hands right in the middle of the room—you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long, deep box? I should think it was!" he said to himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It will weigh most a ton, I guess: and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws and pieces of iron and broken keys and rubbish, and the whole of it. Nothing worth touching; and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides. How the wind blows in through those knot holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything I hate, it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, it old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his old rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window an hour afterward when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put the box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but old nails and things."

"Exactly. It was the nails and things that I wanted put in order. Did you do it?"

"No, sir. It was dark up there, and cold, and I didn't see anything worth doing. Besides, I thought I was hired to run of errands!"

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to go down town; and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing up for his rights.

Precisely at six o'clock John was called, and paid the sum promised him for a day's work; and then, to his dismay, he was told that his service would not be needed any more. He asked no questions. Indeed he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place.

But before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands—plenty of them. He was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold! he was sent up to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse or of the cold, but he grumbled much over the box. Nothing in it worthy his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally, appeared with this message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that box. The rest of the nail are rusty, and the hooks are bent or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and he sent him to the postoffice.

What do you think? By the close of the next day Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother. "He said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box," until the second morning of his stay, when, on a leisure hour, he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir: there is ever so much more to do."

"All right. It is dinner time now. You may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from; but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, and down at the very bottom of the box I found this."

"This," was a five dollar gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocket book.

After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long, deep box in which the rubbish of 25 years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom. He had fitted shingles to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of shingles laid on top, and labeled them: "Good screws." "Picture nails." "Small keys, somewhat bent." "Picture hooks." "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know." And so on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that really could be called useful, could be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully, and murmured to the mice, "If we are not both mistaken I have found a boy; and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough. The sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the well-known errand boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hangs a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said, when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in much." "I'll try to be, sir," and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man and a rich man.

"He found his fortune in a long box of rubbish." Mr. Peters said once, laughing. "Never was a five-dollar gold piece so successful in business as that one of his has been; it is good he found it."

Then, after a moment of silence, he said, gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible—'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' It is true; Mills, the boy, was faithful, and Mills, the man, we trust."—*Boy's and Girls.*

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

One of the brightest and happiest features of the Queen's jubilee, recently held in England, was the treat given to the school-children of London. A large sum of money was raised by a subscription opened by one of the London papers, and on the day following, the regular jubilee celebration, 30,000 little boys and girls gathered in Hyde Park.

They were taken in a certain proportion from all the public schools of the metropolis, and a great many of them came from the most wretched quarters of the great city, issuing from miserable courts and alleys, from dreary houses teeming with beggarly occupants, from hot and dirty streets.

Possibly, many of them had never seen a park, with big shade trees and pretty lake. Many diversions were arranged for their amusement. They were amply fed on cakes, lemonade, and other good things. Punch-and-Judy shows and a hundred other amusing things attracted their attention. Bands played, and there were sounds of music and merriment all over the park. Each

DR. TALMAGE ON GOD'S WAYS.

How Misfortunes and Trials Develop Human Character—Sorrow Always an Educator.

BROOKLYN, May 20.—After making a running commentary on some passages of Scripture the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took the text: "And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech." Ruth ii, 3. He preached from these words the following sermon:

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. There were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor, coming along that way, might glean it and get their bread. But you say: "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest fields?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman cleaning—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the church of God in all ages; while Ruth with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and traveled through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

I learn in the first place from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connel the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopædist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man: "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be chilled." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses. The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and unsatisfying. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at an instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is trouble. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and very rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says: "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow, I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship and the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the prosecution of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against Savonarola, inventors and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the war whoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers.

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free.

It took all our past national distresses to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march along after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and the tyrannies that have jarred shall be swept down and annihilated, and Washington, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations are developed.

II. Again, I see in my text the beauty of unfaultering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah when she had to make for that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now that the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour, but are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity. David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such a friend in the Marys, who adhered to him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

III. Again: I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found our your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and triumph of the gospel.

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying: "You must go;" and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that must be slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was very morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchers at his crucifixion. Tell me, O, Gethsemane and Golgotha! were there ever darker nights than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the twinkling of the day which tips
The golden spired Apocalypse.

IV. Again: I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth happened to alight on the very field that happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestor of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is your history and mine. Events that appear of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while, but how it changed all the phase of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them the ancestors of all organs; but the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed real estate in the time of Noah had no title. Parker did not examine the title but gave them $3,000 cash and his farm in Oregon, worth $6,500.

When recently the title to the city property was found to be defective, Hamburg entered a plea that he sold under a belief that the title was perfect, but he would not refund the money. In the trial Hamburg accomplice confessed that Hamburg had deliberately planned to rob Parker of his money. The jury then found Hamburg guilty, and the court, in sentencing the prisoner, regretted that the crime of which he was guilty was only a misdemeanor in California.

The judge then sentenced him to imprisonment in the county jail for one year, and that he pay a fine equal to double the amount of money he fraudulently obtained from Parker, namely, a fine of $19,000, and that in default of payment of the fine he be further imprisoned at the rate of one day for each dollar. If the fine is not paid Hamburg will therefore have to serve altogether 53 years and 50 days.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Michigan's Local Option Law Knocked Out by a Mere Technicality—Decision of the Supreme Court.

LANSING, Mich., May 18.—The Supreme court has unanimously declared the local option law unconstitutional. The ground upon which this decision is reached is very simple, viz: The law is a direct violation of article 4, section 20, of the state constitution, although other points are touched upon, incidentally.

The article of the constitution violated provides that no law shall embrace more than one object, which shall be embodied in its title. The local option law is entitled, "An act to regulate the manufacture and sale of liquor," which is not at all what the law is for.

DRIVEN TO SUICIDE.

A Bride of Six Months Hangs Herself in a Smokehouse Rather than Live with a Drunkard.

CARTHAGE, Ill., May 18.—A sensational suicide has just come to light at Fountain Green, twelve miles east of Carthage. Mrs. Ida M. Wright, the six months' bride of Silas M. Wright, was found hanging in the smokehouse last evening by her husband, who had been absent from home since Monday. Upon discovering the body the horrified husband fainted and lay in a stupor for several hours. The body was cut down by neighbors.

A letter written by her was found, in which she bade her husband good-bye and said she would hang herself, because she believed she would be happier dead than to live with a drunkard. Wright had become habitually intoxicated on two occasions, and this, it is supposed, worked upon his wife's mind and drove her to suicide.

THE WILL BROKEN.

Henry George Will Not Get the Money Left by the Late Mr. Hutchings—Vice Chancellor Bird's Decision.

TRENTON, N. J., May 16.—Vice Chancellor Bird yesterday decided the case of the Hutchings heirs against Henry George. The clause in the will leaving Henry George a bequest for the purpose of aiding him in the circulation of his peculiar ideas and theories among the people was declared void.

The point made by the contestants was that it was neither a charitable, benevolent nor educational bequest. The court said that George advised practices with respect to real estate in violation of the laws of the land. He could not sanction the spreading of such sentiment. The will is therefore broken.

Russian Corn in Germany.

BERLIN, May 18.—Enormous quantities of Russian corn are being imported into Germany. During the last two days 348 truckloads of grain have entered German territory. The *Nachrichten* expresses hope that a remedy for this serious evil will soon be put into operation in the shape of vigorous measures to prevent a further swamping of German markets.

PULPIT AND SALOON.

The Former Has Arrayed Itself Against the Latter and Promises Some Grand Work—Politicians Beware.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The recent overwhelming defeat in the city council of an ordinance prohibiting the location of saloons in the immediate vicinity of churches and schools and placing certain restrictions on Sunday liquor traffic, has resulted in arousing a great deal of indignation among a large class of citizens.

Numerous meetings have been called to take action in the matter, and the first of these was held last evening by the members of the Holy Family Catholic parish.

Several telling speeches were made, and a petition framed and signed by over 900 parishioners asking the council to pass the defeated ordinance or one similar thereto

Resolutions were adopted denouncing the nineteen Catholic aldermen who had voted against the ordinance, and admonishing them to either vote for reform or resign their seats.

The Catholics of nearly every parish in the city, it is stated, have signified their intention of taking similar action at once.

Rev. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal church, also delivered an earnest address on the subject in St. Paul's church. He held it to be the duty of church people to take especial pains to see that the present council was changed as speedily as possible. The council had arrayed itself against the church; had jeered and scoffed at petitions, and the church should accept the issue.

Every shade of religious faith should unite in the work. Rev. Mr. Crawford, of the Fulton street Methodist Episcopal church, said the municipal government had not done its duty towards law-abiding citizens. The people had been overridden simply because there were thirty Aldermen in the council who were either saloon keepers or their friends in the liquor trade. The duty of right-minded citizens is plain.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS IN JAIL.

A Heavy Sentence by a California Judge on a Man Convicted of Crooked Real Estate Transactions.

CHICAGO, May 21.—A dispatch from San Francisco says: A heavy sentence has been imposed on Simon Hamburg for swindling a man out of $10,000 Last November Hamburg and an accomplice sold to a man named Parker, an Oregon farmer, certain real estate in the city of Yreka, which had no title. Parker did not examine the title but gave them $3,000 cash and his farm in Oregon, worth $6,500.

When recently the title to the city property was found to be defective, Hamburg entered a plea that he sold under a belief that the title was perfect, but he would not refund the money. In the trial Hamburg accomplice confessed that Hamburg had deliberately planned to rob Parker of his money. The jury then found Hamburg guilty, and the court, in sentencing the prisoner, regretted that the crime of which he was guilty was only a misdemeanor in California.

The judge then sentenced him to imprisonment in the county jail for one year, and that he pay a fine equal to double the amount of money he fraudulently obtained from Parker, namely, a fine of $19,000, and that in default of payment of the fine he be further imprisoned at the rate of one day for each dollar. If the fine is not paid Hamburg will therefore have to serve altogether 53 years and 50 days.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Pea Nuts in Nebraska.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: Will some one of the readers of the BLADE please inform me how to raise pea nuts in Nebraska, their experience, and the best time to plant them. —P. JOHN LARSON, NELSON GROVE, Nebraska.

A Bright Boy.

A gentleman living in Nebraska sends the following remark by a little 3-year old son of Mr. A. A. Baldwin, of Long Island, Kas. He has a dog named Muff that caught a rabbit, which greatly pleased the little fellow. He told the story in brief words; said he: "Muff caught a rabbit. Pa peeled it, and Muff ate the peeling."

Cheap Barn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE give through the Farm department a plan for building a cheap barn?—SUBSCRIBER, Henrietta, Missouri.

"Red Root."

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE Farm inform me whether there is any other way to get rid of a weed called "red root" than by pulling it?—YOUNG FARMER, Charlotte, Michigan.

Can Any One Tell?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Can you or any of the readers of the BLADE tell me the name of the small insect which infests our cistern? They are very minute but full of life and activity. Our cistern is a large one, three years old, made with a filter, so we use the water for drinking, cooking, etc., and is very clear and cold, and splendid for all purposes but for these small insects. How to get rid of them without injuring the water, and whether they are injurious to the health or not I am very anxious to learn. You or some of your readers please answer as soon as possible.

Also, can any one tell me where I can obtain seed, the old-fashioned yellow muskmelon, large size, thick-meated, deep-ribbed? We have several kinds, but cannot get hold of this old standard kind, not advertised in Catalogue.

Also, can any one tell me where I can get the old-fashioned blue or white Nesshannock potato?

I am an old subscriber of the BLADE and much interested in the FARM department, especially those subjects treating of gardening, poultry raising, etc. We raised more cabbage last year in a small patch than we could make use of, making kraut, putting in cellar, etc., by simply picking off the worms each morning till the head was well cut, while our neighbors who thought it "too much trouble" raised scarcely any.—S. E. RUNKLE, Macomb, Ill.

Fruit Pests—Seed Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have a good idea to offer. I can tell fruit raisers how to get rid of all kinds of fruit pests that form webs. Before the caterpillars leave the web and begin to scatter, pour a little powder in a shot gun, hold the nozzle near the web, and fire. It will blow the whole thing out of existence.

To secure good seed corn, never strip off the husk from the ear, nor allow the corn to get damp. With the husk on, and the corn perfectly dry, I doubt if any degree of cold will kill the germ.

I would like instruction on setting out all kinds of young fruit trees.—EGYPT, Williamson county, Illinois.

Care of Young Pigs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—It must not be supposed that what I will say about the care of sows after farrowing, and the young pigs, is the only way, or that what I said in former letters entirely agrees with other men's ways. I do not expect my way is like what other men think best, as different men have different ideas of treatment, and have success. What each must do in reading articles of this kind, is to read all and accept that which seems to come nearest to being common sense, and by our own experience with it prove whether it is practical or not. Now for what I intend to say: When the sows are due to farrow, which will be about 114 days after copulation, they sometimes go (a few or three days over) they should be carefully watched; two days before they farrow, put in plenty of clean straw. If the sheds are warm they will not paw it up into a pile but leave it spread out. If they show signs in the evening then is when the true grit of the breeder is tried, not to make a out of bed so as to care for the little fellows if it is cold When the little fellows begin to come, if the sows are gentle, a blanket ought to be spread over them till all have come and they all have sucked all they want and appear to want to sleep. Then if not too cold the blanket may be taken away. Should it be cold, let it stay till twelve hours after farrowing. Then if she is up a little milk or wheat bran thinly mixed in small amount may be given for two or three days three times a day.

Watch for scours in pigs, and if bad, put a tablespoonful of sal soda in the sow's slop. If bound up, make sow's slop richer by adding cooked oil meal. Keep the old the sows may be fed on corn in the morning, wheat bran and middlings and one-fifth oil meal mixed in tolerably thin slop, at noon, and oats at night. Do not over-feed in any kind. Give enough to be all eaten at once.

When pigs are large enough to begin to eat corn, fix a trough in a dry shed and keep shelled corn in it all the time, so the the pigs can go and eat when they wish, for at least three months. Fix a trough in the yard so that the older hogs can not get to it, and feed the pigs separately three times a day on the slops and milk. If possible, get the sows and pigs on grass as soon as you can. Have water in a trough handy, so that they all can drink when they wish. When six, or at most, eight weeks old, the pigs should be weaned by shutting the sows (not the pigs, as was the old fogy plan) in a pen away from the pigs. Increase the feed of the pigs, but do not clog them. Give all they will eat, and when ever they do not eat, no danger in getting them too fat; the fatter the better. Keep crowding them with rich feed, and when seven or eight months old, I think there will be much satisfaction in looking at the two to three hundred pound hogs. If the above plan and the one given in my last letter are carried out, I know no reason for looking for weakly pigs. There may be some who would like to ask some questions that I have not touched on. If so, although I don't claim to know a great deal about hogs, I would gladly answer if I can. If there are such, please send questions to the address given, and I will answer through the BLADE FARM, if possible, and the editor will permit. I have given the substance of my own practical experience, and have been successful so far, and hope I may have been of use to others.—YOUNG FARMER, Box 42, Loda, Ill.

Clipped Wool.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one tell me whether wool, after it is clipped and laid away, grows or gets heavier? If so, will it pay interest on the money invested? —A SUBSCRIBER, Salem, Mo.

Some Short Items.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To clear ticks from sheep, as soon as shorn rub their locks well with sulphur and lard, one pound of sulphur to four pounds of lard. Melt and stir together well and apply with a paint brush.

Apple trees thrive best in Wisconsin when pruned in the longest day. The wound heals sooner and does not bleed. Many orchards have been ruined by pruning in early spring.

Make extensive preparations for small fruit and by so doing "cheat" the doctors out of their charges. And when you have set out your berry plants do not leave them to take care of themselves, for they cannot do it.

It matters but little whether Mr. Faulkes plants box elder seeds in spring or fall. The most natural time to plant forest seeds is when they are dropped from the trees by nature. I accept his thanks.

Plant or sow nothing in the moon's phases. It has plenty to do in looking after the ebbing and flowing of the tide without farming on this earth.

Parties in Massachusetts advertise manufactured egg food, and laud it to the skies. There is more egg food in a bushel of sunflower seeds than there is in a ton of the manufactured article.—E. REYNOLDS.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bee Journal.

P. J. L., Madison county, Neb.: Your question regarding the bee journal will receive proper attention.

Watermelons.

T. B., Arrowsmith, Ill.: The best fertilizer for watermelons is well rotted barnyard manure. We cannot give you facts regarding the other questions asked.

Colt Knee Spring.

A. E. D., Cortland, Neb.: Sprung or broken knees in horses does not always result from injury to the leg or tendons. It is mostly the result of corns or navicular disease. In your colt the trouble may arise from a bruise on the inside bell. Examine carefully. Sprains of the knees occur in young horses at times, when being broken, or in younger animals by a sudden twist of the leg or striking the leg against a hard substance. If you find the tendons of the leg sprained, apply warm vinegar and salt, and bandage the knee with flannel. If the sprain is a bad one, it may be necessary to foment the leg with warm water until the inflammation is out, and then rub along the tendom with this: Iodine ointment, half an ounce; mercurial ointment, one-fourth ounce. Mix well. As your colt is young, it would be better perhaps not to use the latter application, as by applying vinegar and salt for awhile he may gradually grow out of the trouble.

Will Not Heal.

Subscriber, Marshall County, Mo.: For the sore that will not heal at the root of your colt's ear, poltice it with linseed meal. Then open it, and inject burnt alum water. Dissolve three drachms of burnt alum in two ounces of water. Before doing this, you should call a veterinary, as the disease may be deep-seated.

Cocked Ankles.

M. K., Kossuthtown, Minnesota: The trouble, we think, with your two-year-old colt is in the feet. Are his hooves all right? Have your blacksmith examine the inside heels of the feet, and see if they are perfectly sound. We cannot advise you without further information. If there is a veterinary in your vicinity you should call him, as the trouble you refer to, if allowed to run, will result in permanent lameness.

Swelled Knee in Mare.

H. B. H., Lancaster county, Pa.: For the swelled knee in your mare, foment the part well with warm water, and then apply this: Iodine ointment, one ounce; mercurial ointment, one ounce. Mix thoroughly and rub all around joint. Have your smith examine foot for corns.

Bloody Milk.

G. B., Juniata, Nebraska: Regarding your cow, whose milk is bloody, but does not clot, it has evidently been the result of physical injury to the udder. Such a thing is caused by violent exercise, the cow striking the udder against some hard substance, another cow tramping on the udder, etc. By giving this she may come around all right: Three-fourths of a pound of Epsom salts and a cupful of molasses, stirred in a quart of warm water. This is necessary to cool the system. Foment the udder twice a day with warm water, and after wiping dry, rub into the udder with gentle friction, camphorated soap liniment, to be had at any drug store. Give in drinking water twice a day for four or five days, half an ounce of saltpetre. It may not be out of place here to say that many people are bothered with white specks at their teats. This may be entirely remedied by straining the cream through a cloth before churning.

Leaf-Curl in the Peach.

W. J. F., Whitesboro, Cal.: The curl-leaf disease in peach trees is caused by a small insect called the plant louse. As soon as you see the leaves begin to curl, take strong soapsuds water, and stir in a decoction of tobacco juice; sprinkle the trees with it. The tobacco juice may be obtained by steeping tobacco in water, and stirring the juice in the soapsuds water.

Apoplexy of Fowls.

Mrs. J. H., Brown county, Dakota: We think your fowls died from apoplexy which is the result of over-feeding, or quarters too confined. Give but little food for several days, especially corn. Let them have plenty of range, and all the grass, worms, etc., that they may find. Over-feeding has done great harm in many cases. It leads to apoplexy, diseased egg production and general disarrangement of the system of the fowl.

Taming Horses.

J. W., Worthington, Indiana: The recipe for taming a horse, that you ask about on a postal card, is: Take finely grated horse castor, oils of rhodium and cumin. Keep them in separate bottles, well corked. Put some of the oil of cumin on your hand, and approach the horse on the windy side. He will then move toward you. Then put some of the cumin on his nose, and give him a little of the castor on anything he likes, and get eight or ten drops of oil rhodium on his tongue. You can then get him to do anything you like, according to the recipe. Be kind and attentive to the animal, and your control is certain.

Horseradish.

J. G. M., Caseyville, Ill.: Horseradish is propagated from the root, either cut from the top, about two inches long, or by offsets or otherwise useless parts, from the sides of the main root, retaining the crowns or top-shoots in as many parts as possible. These should be planted early in the spring, in rows two feet apart and eight inches from each other in the rows. The bed should have a good depth of soil and such as will retain moisture. Manure well with rotted manure. Plow or dig it deep, and then draw drills a foot apart. Then plant with a dibble the cuttings as above described, in every alternate drill, from two to three inches deep. Keep clear of weeds. When horseradish once gets hold, if the ground, at any time is to be used for some other purpose it has to be entirely removed. If the least bit of it remains in the ground it will soon show vigorous growth, as it is very hardy.

Durability of Trees.

In relation to the natural factors influencing durability of trees, the chief of the forestry division of the department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., says:

Sound mature trees yield more durable timber than either young or old trees. Maturity is the time when trees have ceased to grow vigorously, which is indicated by a flattening of the crown, dying-out of branches in the crown, and by the change of color of the bark. Maturity may be reached, according to circumstances, by the same species, when the diameter is only a few inches or when it is as many feet. The small trees on arid soil or overtopped by others from its birth, may be as old and older than a tree of greater dimensions growing under more favorable conditions. Of two species of the same kind, the heavier is the more durable, although the absolute weight of two different kinds of timber does not determine their relative durability.

Heart-wood, as a rule, can resist deterioration longer than sap-wood, because it contains less sap; but, when the sap-wood is well seasoned and heavier, this difference disappears.

The site has an influence on durability in so far as it influences the formation of heavy wood.

Quickly grown hard woods with wide annual rings, and slowly grown conifers with narrow (yet not too narrow) rings, and "tapped" pines (on the tapped side) yield, as a rule, the most durable wood, other conditions being equal.

Coniferous wood from comparatively poor soils, high altitude and dense forest, hard woods from rich deep warm soils and isolated position, are most durable.

The resinous substances in conifers form an element of protection against decay.

As species of trees desirable for the East, the Rocky Mountain Range and the Pacific Slope, the following list is given, with the reservation that without means of determining the exact relative value of the different species, it has been possible to give a series, which in general proceeds from the most durable to the less durable ones.

Eastern Range.—Conifers: Red Cedar, White Cedar, Arbor-Vitæe, Bald Cypress, Long-leaved Pine, Red Pine, Cuban Pine, Short-leaved Pine.

Broad-leaved trees. White Oak, Post Oak, Basket Oak, Burr Oak, Chestnut Oak, Live Oak, Osage Orange, Hardy Catalpa, Black Locust, Honey Locust, Red Mulberry, Chestnut.

Rocky Mountain Region.—Red Cedar, Pinon Pine, Fox-tail Pine, Douglas Spruce, Western Larch, Burr Oak.

Pacific Slope.—Yew, Redwood, Lawson's Cypress, Canoe Cedar, Douglas Spruce, Western Larch, Live Oak, Post Oak.

Potatoes for the West.

Most of the markets in the country are now being largely supplied with potatoes from Scotland. A few papers are advocating putting a higher tariff on potatoes for the benefit of American farmers. To do this would simply add to their tariff burdens. More than half the farmers in the country are represented as using foreign potatoes at the present time or going without this most useful vegetable. Chicago is obtaining potatoes not only from Scotland and Canada, but from half a dozen states and territories. The potatoes obtained from Utah and Dakota are generally of excellent quality. Illinois is a poor state for potatoes, as it is for fruit. With a rapidly increasing population, there is a decrease in the production of potatoes. In the southern and central portions of the state but few late potatoes are raised. During the past few years the yield in the northern part of the state has been small. The soil that produced good potatoes when it was first brought under cultivation now gives very poor returns for the seed planted.

Indiana is in about the same condition as Illinois in respect to raising potatoes. They have never been a paying crop in Kansas, and it is not likely that they will ever be. Both the climate and the soil are against them. At present Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa raise potatoes enough for home consumption, and some to show. As towns in these states increase, however, it is doubtful if they will raise more potatoes than will be required for the home market. Dakota, Utah, and some of the other territories, where the soil and climate are well suited to potatoes, have an excellent opportunity to profit by raising potatoes for supplying most of the markets in the West. In the near and distant future potatoes promise to pay better than wheat. In Dakota the climate is very unfavorable for keeping wheat over the winter, and there are great difficulties in the way of securing good storage for them in cellars. It may be practical to keep them in buildings having walls similar to those erected for keeping ice, and supplied with heating apparatus. Perhaps it will be more economical to send them to market when they are dug out, and to store them in large quantities in the cities where they are sold.—*Times.*

A Spectacled Roadster.

More horses which shy at objects in the road have obscure vision than is generally supposed. Near-sighted horses are not uncommon, and if at the same time they are nervous are most dangerous. A veterinarian of Erie, Penn., relates the following case:

William Reed, of Erie, had a horse some time ago, and I think has him yet, that wears glasses. The horse was a roadster, and a good one, with the one exception that he would shy. I found the animal was short-sighted. He could not see an object until close upon it, and then he would jump up abruptly to one side or the other. I sent to Philadelphia and had a pair of glasses made for him. Had three pairs made before we got one that was perfectly adapted to his eyes. This we determined by driving him with one pair, then with the other. With a certain pair his sight seemed to be nearly perfect. It entirely prevented his shying, and although the glasses cost $27 to manufacture they added $200 to the value of the horse.

Occasionally a horse is deaf, or becomes so. One of this kind is reported from Titusville, Pa. It belongs to a dairyman, and aside from his infirmity, is especially tractable, and promptly obeys all commands of the whip. His driver never speaks to him, but starts, guides and stops him entirely with whip and lines. The veterinarian who treated the animal says: "The horse is eight years old, and has been deaf four years. He lost his hearing by being too close to a cannon that was being fired the fourth of July. I treated the animal for three months, but could do him no good. I think the drums of his ears were permanently injured by the concussion."

AGASSIZ'S NARROW ESCAPE.

The President of the Calumet and Hecla Mine Nearly Killed by Machinery.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 17.—President Agassiz, General Manager Whiting, Superintendent Wright and Captain Wells, of the Calumet and Hecla mine, had an awful ride and miraculous escape from a horrible death in the South Hecla mine last evening. They had been down on a tour of inspection, and got into a "skip" on the thirteenth level to come to the surface. They gave the signal indicating that there were men in the "skip," but almost at the same time some miners on the upper level, watching the "skip," rang the signal which meant the skip was loaded with freight. The engineer at once turned on full speed and the party were rushed toward the top. To reach the top and thence over the dump which was their destiny as ore, meant certain death on the crushers. There was no way of stopping the skip until top-side, unless they could be heard as they came to the surface. Providentially the tender at the top saw them in time and hearing the cry, succeeded in stopping the skip at the very brink of the fatal spot.

Agassiz, the president of the mining company, is a prominent citizen of Boston, and is a son of the late Professor Agassiz

"UNDERGROUND" INSURANCE.

A Chicago Judge Decides Against the State.

CHICAGO, May 18.—Judge Altgeld has decided against the state officers in their case against the Peoples Insurance Exchange to recover $12,000 penalties for conducting "underground" insurance companies.

The Exchange, he said, acted only and exclusively as the agent of the property owner and never as the agent of the insurance company. There is no question but that a property owner has the right to insure anywhere he pleases, whether the insurance company is doing business under the laws of Illinois or not.

If he has the right to do this himself he has the right to employ an agent to do the wor him. The insurance law of Illinois is wholesome and good, but it is intended only to protect the public from imposition. In this case there was no imposition.

There are a large number of similar suits pending.

JUDGE LYNCH IN OHIO.

A Prisoner Almost Killed by the Other Prisoners in the Columbus Jail—A Narrow Escape.

COLUMBUS, May 17.—Judge Lynch came very near making an end of Umphreys, a negro who was arrested yesterday for an assault upon a little girl. He was bound over to court, and when taken to jail his identity became known to the other prisoners, who at once attacked him in a vicious manner.

After throwing him into a bath tub and nearly drowning him, the prisoners secured a rope, placed it around his neck, and dragged him about the corridors ending the performance by hauling him up free from the floor. The brute would undoubtedly have been strangled to death before the jail officers arrived, had not one of the prisoners cut the rope.

Confederate Memorial Day in Virginia.

NORFOLK, Va., May 18.—Confederate Memorial Day was generally observed here yesterday, most of the places of business being closed. All flags were placed at half-mast, and many of the building were decorated. Bands of music marched up and down Main street all day, and the city presented a holiday appearance. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore, delivered the oration in Elmwood cemetery this afternoon to 5,000 people. Gov. Lee and staff, Sen. J. W. Daniel and many other prominent personages were on the platform. Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy, and T. Standard Foster, the youngest enlisted soldier in the Confederate army, also participated in the ceremonies.

Indiana Crops.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 16.—Discouraging reports regaring the outlook for crops are being received from all parts of Indiana. In many counties hay and oats have suffered severely from the drouth, while in the southern half of the state corn fields are being devastated by the cut worm.

To Explore Greenland.

STOCKHOLM, May 18.—Dr. Fritzjof Nansen with four Norwegians and two Laplanders, have started for Greenland to explore the east coast.

The Bonapartists.

PARIS, May 18.—The Bonapartist group in the Chamber of Deputies, have resolved to combine with the Right in an effort to bring about a dissolution of Parliament.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

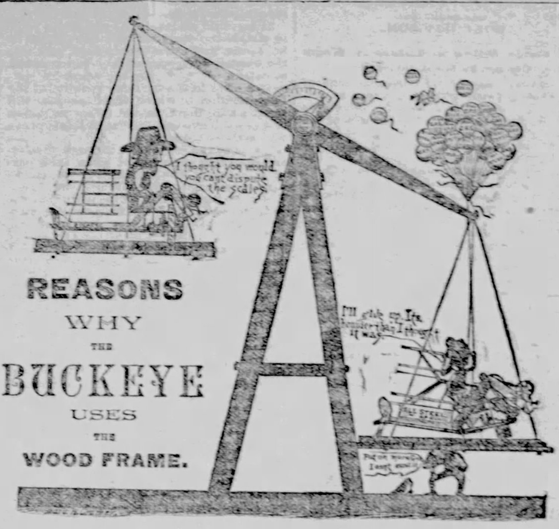
William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.


I thought you must
have had

POLITICAL.

WILL NOT RUN.

Mr. Blaine Makes a Statement Which Can not be Misunderstood.

NEW YORK, May 21.—A correspondent of the *Press* in Paris cables that paper as follows: "The stories that have for some time been in circulation on the other side of the Atlantic that the intimate friends of James G. Blaine, while discrediting any announcement that he would accept the Republican nomination if it were offered him, have, nevertheless, been quietly working in almost all the states to secure delegates for him after the first ballot, were all cabled over here.

"The publication here of the actual figures of the supposed Blaine managers in New York city, however, gives a new impetus to the Blaine talk. It seemed from the figure that Mr. Blaine would have the largest number of votes, something like 360 or 370 on the first ballot, even before the favorite sons had been deserted; that on the second, although comparatively few delegations had been instructed for him, it would go to 550, and that his nomination with the greatest enthusiasm, and yet the greatest calmness could not be postponed beyond the third ballot.

"The moment this news arrived, I took the most strenuous means to find out what Mr. Blaine's attitude on the movement is, and I am happy to say that my efforts have been successful. Mr. Blaine has not heard the full details of the report published in New York, and I was very glad to give them to him. Naturally he was not displeased, but he said without equivocation that his Florence letter and his later interview, which Mr. Crawford secured for the *World*, represented his present attitude with complete truth.

"He had felt sure, he said, that after his letter stating that his name would not go before the Chicago convention had been published, the many acknowledged leaders of the Republican party, East and West, would be actively pushed for the nomination, and he was glad to see they had been put forward so honestly, and he could not see why so many should assume, even in the matters of great importance, his domestic and personal interests as well as those of his party, that it was impossible for him to be honest.

"He did not want to be a candidate and he had reasons for not wanting to be a candidate, which was personal to himself and which as they could so readily be imagined, he was under no obligation to make known. The fact was he had been through one terribly hard fight; it had been a cruel strain upon his family also; and while he could never be accused of willingly shirking any of the duties of leadership which the Republican party had honored him with, he yet felt that he had a right to draw out and leave the fight to other hands, especially since they were plentiful and quite capable of winning the victory for protection and other good Republican ideas.

"All the vague and mischievous stories about his movements and motives and health has been very annoying at first, and it would not have been unreasonable to ask to be spared, but now they had become amusing rather than anything else.

"He thought it a good way for all of his friends to pass them over as so much twaddle. His health was not so good in all respects as he should like to have it; very few men of 60 could say anything different from that, but he hoped to live many years yet. He felt confident that he should greatly enjoy his trip through Scotland with the Carnegies, and he was already anticipating its pleasures.

"When I called Mr. Blaine's attention to the regret felt by all his friends in New York city, ex-Senator Platt, Stephen B. Elkins, Editor Reid and others, were quietly working for him, or at least were taking no pains to discourage those in New York state and elsewhere, who were disposed to favor him from first to last at the convention, the Maine statesman said that he knew nothing about it.

"His letters from his friends in America were purely personal and familiar, and did not relate to politics, so he, at his distance, could not talk about politics in reply. He did not believe, though, that his friends who knew him best would do anything to show that they misunderstood his position, or were willing to allow others to misunderstand it.

"The prospects of Republican success were too good for any loyal Republican leaders to fritter away the confidence of the party by any course that would be uncalled for, as well as dishonest. Mr. Blaine has grown gray since I last saw him, five months ago.

"As he himself says, a man cannot help growing old after he is 55. But if he is a sick man I am unable to discover it. Aside from a touch of the gout now and then, which very naturally has a tendency to make him unhappy and irritable for the moment, he is the same wholehearted, charming man. He is certainly enjoying himself intensely."

Blaine and Conkling.

CHICAGO, May 21.—Col. J. S. Clarkson, Gen. Powell Clayton and Col. Conger, of the Republican National committee, are at the Grand Pacific hotel. Colonel Clarkson was seen and asked about the alleged understanding, which is said to have been reached between Mr. Blaine's friends and Mr. Conkling shortly before the latter's death.

"I do not know of my own knowledge that such an understanding existed, but I do know that it is a subject of private comment in the inner political circles of the East that Mr. Conkling had signified that he would support Blaine should he be nominated. The story goes that Mr. Blaine was to have nominated on this assurance, and while I do not know that it is true, I can not doubt it, for I know that Mr. Conkling, like all others who have been fighting their party and its leaders for many years, had determined to give his cordial support to the nomination of the convention.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

Cleveland Crowded Down Their Throats; But the Mills Bill, Hardly.

NEW YORK, May 16.—The convention completed its work by electing as delegates-at-large A. C. Chapin, Brooklyn; Edward Cooper, New York; Geo. C. Raines, Rochester; Roswell P. Flower, New York.

Delegates were also chosen for 27 out of the 34 Congressional districts.

The delegates were instructed for Cleveland and were further instructed to act as a unit in all matters instrusted to their charge, said action to be determined by a vote of a majority of said delegates.

PRESS COMMENT.

How the New York Papers View the Empire State Convention of Democrats.

NEW YORK, May 16.—The following are extracts from the editorial comments of the New York press upon yesterday's convention:

The *World* says: "Yesterday's Democratic State convention was remarkably harmonious. It was, in fact, unusually docile and tractable. The platform is significant for its omissions. It eulogizes Mr. Cleveland's administration, declaring that it has redeemed all the pledges made in its behalf, and indorses the abstract propositions contained in his last message to Congress. But it is dumb as to the Mills bill, which is the effectual execution of the recommendations made in that message.

"This singular ommission is emphasized by the action of the committee in rejecting by a vote of 22 to 4, a resolution pledging the Democratic congressmen of the state to the measure and this is calculated to impair the chances of the bill's success.

"The Relegates to St. Louis were instructed to vote for Mr Cleveland for President and the unit rule was adopted."

THE "SUN."

The *Sun* says: "The Democratic State convention performed the work of committing its delegates to the National convention unqualifiedly to Grover Cleveland and guardedly to his principles in a mechanical and entirely unenthusiastic manner yesterday.

"One part of the work of the committees delayed the calling of the evening session. That was an effort to have the convention approve the Mills bills. Mr. W. Bourke Cockran and others had much to say against this plan. At the close the only proceedings not prearranged were permitted in the shape of addresses by Mr. Cockran and Mr. Dougherty, both, however, in thorough keeping with the spirit of the convention."

The *Sun* also prints a double-leaded editorial headed:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

It says: "The name of Mr. Cleveland will be presented by delegates from this state to the Democratic national convention at St. Louis. This, at least, was settled yesterday.

"Does it follow that Mr. Cleveland, if nominated, would carry this state, or that he could muster so large or certain a majority as could easily be rallied for a Western Democrat, unburdened by local antagonisms, entirely untrammeled by ties of local faction, and therefore sure to bring out the whole vote of the party?

"That is the question which the enforcement of the two thirds rule not only permits, but admonishes the national convention to consider long and carefully, and there are reasons why the delegates from Southern states should ponder it with special deliberation and anxiety. Their constituents will have to furnish the bulk of the votes needed in the electoral colleges to elect a Democratic President.

"They will, therefore, have a moral right to dictate the course of the convention at St. Louis, and upon their heads will rest the burden of responsibility for triumph or defeat. * * * Are the southern delegates alive to the supreme gravity of the responsibility to which their people will sternly hold them, should their selection of a Democratic nominee at St. Louis prove a disastrous blunder?

"Do they realize that if, through precipitation or lack of foresight upon their part in calculating the availability of candidates, the Democracy shall lose the Presidency in 1888, it is most unlikely that the Nineteenth century will witness the election of another Democratic President.

"This for reasons too often overlooked by our Southern friends, and from which the astute Republican opponents have been careful to divert attention. Before the next Presidential election comes, the census of 1890 will have been taken, and the representation of the several states in the electoral colleges will have been reapportioned. The only Southern state which is expected to show a phenomenal increase in the number of inhabitants is Texas; the other commonwealths beyond the Potomac and Ohio can only be counted on to maintain their normal ratio of growth.

"The center, consequently, of the Nations population will be shifted by the coming census still further to the Northwest, and it will be no longer possible for the Democracy to elect a President without adding to the Solid South many more votes from Northern states in the electoral colleges than are now needed. It may be possible to capture those additional Northern votes, should the Democratic party retain the Presidency for four years more. To do so will be an almost hopeless, should it now be driven out of office.

"Let not the Southern Democrats be deceived in this matter. If they want to maintain a white man's government in the states where the census shows an excess of blacks over whites, they must elect a Democratic President.

"Had the coolest and far-sighted leaders of the Southern Democracy—the sons or successors of the men who throughout the greater part of this century have swayed the councils of the Democratic party—known at Chicago in 1880 the truth about Mr. Cleveland's strength in his own state, would they have turned a deaf ear to the notes of warning?

"Had they foreseen that, aided by a Judicrnous but none the less effective accident he could only get a beggarly plurality of less than 1,100 votes, would they ever have adopted him as their candidate for President?

"They were gulled and bamboozled then, but now the truth is all before them. What will they do about it?"

OLD CONNECTICUT.

A Strong Sentiment for Blaine—The Delegates.

NEW HAVEN, May 17.—The Republican convention was called to order by Temporary Chairman John A. Tibbits, and the temporary organization was made permanent.

Mr. Tibbits addressed the convention. He alluded to the great responsibility of Connecticut as a pivotal state, and outlined the paramount issue as protection against the free trade message of Mr Cleveland, by which the Democratic party must stand or fall.

The real Republican platform would be the response to the "Presidential message that came across the ocean as swiftly as the telegraph could bring it."

He further alluded to Blaine as "the splendid leader in the campaign of 1884, the greatest of living American statesmen who thoroughly represents American spirit, who always flies the American flag and American eagle, which is always on his shoulder; who is the choice of the rank and file of the Republican party in this state and every other state." The applause was prolonged.

Allusions were also made to Gen. Hawley and Senator Platt as favorite sons, and to the grand round of candidates. Chauncey M. Depew's name was applauded as vociferously as Blaine's.

At the close of Mr. Tibbit's speech the election of delegates-at-large was begun and resulted: Samuel Fessenden, of Samford; Samuel L. Warner, of Middletown; E. S. Day, of Colchester; E. S. Henry, of Rockville.

The platform denounces the President's tariff policy; calls for liberal pensions; ridicules the administration civil service record, and promises hearty support to the nominee of the Chicago convention.

BLAINE OR GRESHAM.

Dakota has Four Hundred Delegates to Her Territorial Convention.

JAMESTOWN, Dak., May 17.—Four hundred delegates were present at the Republican territorial convention yesterday. John T. King, of Rapid City, was chairman. Following are the delegates chosen to Chicago: Bailey, of Minnehaha; Bogart of Bon Homme; Brady, of Lawrence; Sullivan, of Aurora; Hopp, of Brookings; Foster, of Spink; Plummer, of Brown; Hubbard, of Cass; Hansbraugh, of Ramsey; and Richardson, of Grand Forks.

All are for Blaine save one. Gresham is second choice of the entire delegation. The platform arraigns the Democratic party for refusing Dakota admission; demands the division of the territory and her admission as two states.

AGAINST THE UNIT RULE.

Virginia Republicans Divide and Hold Two Conventions.

PETERSBURG, Va., May 17.—Delegates to the Republican convention began to gather in the Academy of Music early, and by 11 o'clock the big hall was full. Gen. Mahone came upon the stage from the rear entrance. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause, which the general, however, failed to notice. A few minutes after, Hon. John S. Wise, the leader of the opposition to Mahone's unit rule, appeared and was also greeted with applause.

The noticeable feature of the convention was the great increase in the number of white delegates, some of the districts being almost entirely represented by them. Mahone stepped to the front of the stage and was greeted with tremendnous and enthusiastic applause when continued several minutes and which was interspersed with rounds upon rounds of cheers for Blaine, Sherman, the unit rule, the Republican party, etc. When quiet had been restored Gen. Mahone, after acknowledging the compliment, proceeded to address the convention.

He had spoken but a few minutes when Mr. Wise interrupted, stating that Hon. Jacob Yost had been refused admittance to the hall and moved that he be invited to a privileged seat. This caused some confusion, and Gen. Mahone was interrupted a number of times by Senator Riddleberger and others before the conclusion of his speech. The Yost motion was then renewed and carried.

The report of the Third district delegation (Minnilee) was presented. Hon. John S. Wise, who led the opposing delegation from the same district, advocated the claim of his delegation. He charged corruption and fraud on the part of the opponents in his district. He came to this convention, he said, with 45 out of 66 delegates from his disutrict, and yet the convention had refused to enunciate them by letting in these impostors and fruds.

He was going to hold a district convention in spite of all and was going to Chicago to fight the battle of the Republican party and let those who did the wrong stand from under. The time had now come when this plan of organization had to be stopped, and not submitted to any longer. Capt. Wise then called upon all those opposed to the unit rule to retire from the hall and hold a separate meeting. He then left the stage, and amid tremendous shouts, huzzas and waving of hats, etc., about 150 left the hall.

The anti-Mahone meeting remained in session util an early hour this morning. The committee to prepare business reported and the report was adopted. It provides for a committee of 25 to issue an address to the Republicans of the Republicans of the state and submit plans of organization.

Senator D. F. Housthn, of Roanoke, was elected as chairman of this section of the party. The convention then proceeded to elect delegates at large to the Chicago convention as follows: Gen. V D. Groner, of Norfolk; Samuel M. Yost, of Augusta; P. A. Paul, (colored), of Richmond; C. A. Herman, of Montgomery.

Ex-Governor W. E. Cameron, and ex-United States Senator John T. Lewis, were elected electors at large. On motion of Hon. J. S. Wise, the platform to be agreed upon at the Chicago convention was adopted as the platform of the party here, and at 2:30 a. m., the convention adjourned with three rousing cheers for Blaine.

MISSOURI REPUBLICANS.

An Old Soldier for Governor—The True Ring in the Platform.

ST. LOUIS, May 17.—The Republican convention assembled at Sedalia, Mo., and shortly after nominated, by acclamation, Elbert E. Kimball, commander of the department of Missouri, G. A. R., of Nevada, Mo., for governor.

The committee on Resolutions made a report which was adopted. The platform reaffirms allegiance to the Republican party; opposes monopolies and trusts; demands a free ballot and honest count of every legal ballot, and that a vote in the South should count no more than a vote in the North; denounces ballot box frauds in the South; extols the financial achievements of the Republican party as next in importance to the preservation of the Nation; favors a revision of the tariff, but always on the basis of protection to American industries and labor and the preservation of a home market for the home produce; opposes President Cleveland's message and the direct fruit thereof, the Mills tariff bill; declares the placing of wool, lead, zinc and iron on the free list as a direct blow at the national interests and the prosperity of Missouri; invites all honest and progressive citizens to aid in the coming campaign; favors relief for disabled soldiers as compensation for services rendered and not as alms to paupers; condemns President Cleveland for vetoing pension bills, and expresses hearty and vigorous support to the nominees of the national Republican convention.

The following nominations were made: For governor, E. E Kimball, of Vernon county; lieutenant-governor, George H. Wallace, of Howard county; secretary of state, F. W. Mott, of St. Louis; treasurer, A. B. Frowein, of Henry county; auditor, G. W. Martin, of Linn county; attorney-general, L. L. Bridges, of Sedalia; register of lands, John H. Chase, of Iron county; railroad commissioner, B. W. Vedder, of Sedalia; supreme judge, J. Botsford, of Kansas City.

Minnesota Republicans.

ST. PAUL, May 17.—The Republican state convention, to elect delegates to Chicago, was called to order by ex-Governor Pillsbury.

Ex-Gov. L. F. Hubbard was elected temporary chairman. He declased the country on the threshhold of a political upheaval, having repented in sack cloth for displeasing the Republican party from power. He promised for Minnesota in the November election a majority as colossal as that given to James G. Blaine.

The allusion to Blaine provoked warm and continued applause.

New York Republicans.

BUFFALO, May 17.—When the names of Blaine and Depew were spoken in the New York Republican convention there were deafening cheers, for one as strong as the other.

The Republican platform, in 150 words, pledges the party to the Chicago platform and candidates.

Delegates-at-Large—Chauncey M. Depew, Frank Hiscock, Warner Miller, Thos. C. Platt.

Blaine Endorsed in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, May 17.—The Republican state convention met here to elect delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention, which resulted in the nomination of A. H. Taylor, L. C. Houk, Gen. George Maney and O. E. Moelwee (colored). A resolution instructing the delegates to vote for Blaine was unanimously adopted. The gubernatorial convention will be held July 5.

Louisiana Politics.

NEW ORLEANS, May 17.—A special to the *Times Democrat* from Baton Rouge, says: At the Democratic caucus last night the question of nominating a United States senator was discussed. A motion to nominate a junior senator first was lost by a vote of 73 to 44. This is regarded as showing Gibson's strength. After two hours' session the caucus adjourned until 8 p. m. to-day.

BUSINESS REVIEW.

A Period of Temporary Reaction Has Been Reached.

NEW YORK, May 19.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say: In spite of the abounding and unconquerable vitality of the country, periods of temporary hesitation or reaction are inevitable, and one has apparently been reached.

But for the movement of foreign capital this way, now pay for bonds and stocks, a heavy outgo of gold would be required to meet the excess of imports and exports. Success in borrowing foreign money to pay for imports, makes the markets for securities strong, and money here is superabundant.

But, meanwhile, collections at an increasing number of points in the interior are slow; the caution of buyers checks production in important industries and crop prospects are not flattering. For the time, the tendency is toward a decrease in production.

Later reports as to wheat have but slightly modified the impression given by the bureau in its May statement. Present indations do not warrant expectation of a yield much exceeding 400,000,000 bushels, which, with the surplus carried over, would not permit exports much exceeding 100,000,000 bushels, or 53,0000,000 bush els less than last year.

An important change in many directions is the shrinkage in house building, which appears at many points, 30 to 50 per cent below last year's record.

The decrease in railroad building affects other branches of industries.

The weakness in iron has been recognized in a reduction of the contract price for Thomas No. 1 pig to $18, which is expected to cause a number of furnaces to suspend operations. No change is noted in rails, but bar iron is quoted a shade lower. The competition of Southern furnaces in a time of shrinking demand, is now important.

The dry goods market is not materially changed.

Restricted and hand-to-month dealings are the rule. It is complained that the retail trade, in some parts of the country is backward, as is natural when crops and crop prospects are unsatisfactory.

Dress goods are quiet; but some worsted mills about Philadelphia are expected to close for a time, and prices of wool average a shade lower than May 1.

The caution of buyers is still felt in the boot and shoe trade, which is not entirely satisfactory, though it is said that prices are a little stiffer.

The output of anthracite coal was 60,500 tons smaller in April than last year; but the stocks on hand increased during the month, 267,605 tons, indicating decreased consumption.

The exchanges at all clearing houses were about 2 per cent, smaller last week than for the same period in 1887.

Failures for the week: United States, 163; Canada, 23; total, 180; compared with 209 last week and 180 the same week last year.

THE COMING CROPS.

The Insect Begins His Work—General Condition of Wheat.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The *Farmer's Review* prints this week the following crop summary: The reports from our correspondents do not as yet indicate any material improvement in the condition of the winter wheat crop in the different states, although in a few instances mention is made of improvement as the result of recent rains. Insects are becoming plentiful in Illinois and other states, but the damage from this cause has not up to date been very serious. Wisconsin is according to our reports this week, remarkably free from injurious insects. Indiana, too, makes no complaint, which is almost equally true of Michigan and Ohio, although there are outside reports of injury in the latter state from army worms. Missouri reports chinchbugs plentiful, but a probability that heavy rains have tended to kill them.

They have done serious injury to the winter wheat crop in Bates county, while Charles county reports cut worms very bad. Iowa and Minnesota do not complain of insect injuries, but Kansas complains a good deal, while Nebraska is not troubled. Insects are more generally reported in Illinois than any other state, the varieties being chinch bugs, Hessian flies, cut worms and army worms. The extremely backward spring has retarded insects from hatching out, hence the reports of injury by them are not common as yet. Considering the amount of rain that has fallen throughout the West, as good progress has been made with corn planting as could be expected under the circumstances.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—Reports indicate that throughout the Southern states the weather has been favorable for the growing crops, although rain is needed; the cool nights have retarded the growth of young cotton which is, however, in good condition. In the grain regions of the Northwest and Ohio Valley the cold weather during the week hos prevented any marked improvements in the crop condition, notwithstanding abundance of rain in these sections. Damaging frosts occurred from Michigan southward to Northern Alabama.

Tobacco Killed by Frosts.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., May 17.—Information comes from the tobacco growing counties of Western North Carolina that two-thirds or more of the young plants were killed by recent frosts. Vegetables and wheat were greatly damaged at numerous points in the mountains. The mercury went below 30 and in one instance to 25 degrees above.

Killed an American Consul.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—The steamer Alameda, which arrived here to-day, brought the New Zealand *Herald* of April 10, which contains an account of the murder of the American consul at New Britain. He was asked to arbitrate bosween the natives of the island who had been fighting among themselves. He attempted to do so, when he was attacked by one party and killed after he had retreated through the bush.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

WARM TIMES IN THE HOUSE.

Randall and McKinley Talk Against the Administration Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The House was called to order by Mr. McMillian of Tennessee, as Speaker pro tem and the Chaplain being absent, and the reading of journal dispensed with, the House immediately went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Springer of Illinois in the chair, on the tariff bill.

Mr. Anderson, of Iowa, spoke briefly in opposition to the principle of protection, and at the close of his remarks Mr. Randall took the floor.

RANDALL'S TALK.

He opened his speech by referring to the President's recent message, in which the executive advised Congress that the surplus in the treasury by June 30 at the end of the current fiscal year would be expected to reach the sum of $140,000,000 including prior accumulations or, more closely stated, the sum of $113,000,000 apart from prior accumulations over and above all authorized expenditures, including the sinking fund for the current year.

He then quoted from the President's message defining his position on the tariff and internal revenue questions and said that from the utterance of the President, he understood the executive to be adverse to any reduction of the internal taxes on that mode of taxation afforded, in the opinion of the President, "no just complaint, and that nothing is so well able to bear the burden without hardship to any portion of the people."

The President further said that the tariff law was a vicious and illogical source of inequitable tax and ought to be revised and modified; and the President had urged upon Congress the immediate expression of this matter to the exclusion of all others. The President had asserted in substance that the reduction necessary should be made by additions to the free list and by the lowering of the rates of duty.

In the presence of such language, emanating from the executive, authorized by the direction of the constitution to communicate and from time to time, give to Congress information on the state of the Union and recommend such measures as he should judge necessary, it was imparatively required of the representatives of the people to give fair, intelligent and prompt attention to the suggestions made. He had done so.

He had introduced and had referred to the committee on ways and means a bill to reduce and equalize duties on imports, and to reduce the internal revenue taxes, and some provisions of that bill showed what the remedies he would apply were at variance with those recommended by the President.

The President sought to prevent the continuation of the surplus revenue by resorting to changes in the customs duties only. The remedy he proposed was through the repeal of internal revenue taxes, as well as by full revision of the tariff, as brought to the people by the Democratic convention of 1884. The reduction provided for in his bill aggregated $77,000,000 on internal taxes.

Those taxes had always been the last to be levied and the first to be repealed, when no longer necessary.

The House was thrown into an uproar at the conclusion of Mr. Randalls hour. A request was made that Mr. Randall be allowed to proceed, but objections was made by Mr. Mills of Texas, an objection which was greeted with jeers and hisses by the Republicans.

Mr. McKinley then yielded him a portion of his time, but by an amicable arrangement suggested by Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, Mr. Randall was permitted to proceed without limitation of time.

Mr. Randall analyzed the metal schedule of the Mills bill, and declared it would bring about in calculable injury to the industries of America.

He could find nothing in the bill which gave a protection for free wool. He found many inequalities in it and discovered few features intended to relieve the poor or the laboring man.

As he dwelt on these features his voice grew louder. He became almost eloquent and he was applauded. He referred to the declarations of his colleague (Mr. Scott, who sat near) as supercilious, and said he would consign them to the obscurity they should be cast into.

He pleaded with his Democratic friends to not undo the good which has been done to the manufacturing industries by the protective tariff, and read from Jefferson, Monroe and other Democratic forefathers to prove protection was a fundamental Democratic principle. He closed with a tribute to the results and principles of protection and asked that they be maintained and maintained through the efforts of the party that instituted them.

He could not conceive that the ideas and principals that went down in 1861, would ever again predominate in this country.

Messrs. Foran, Democrat, of Ohio, Wise, Democrat, of Virginia, and Kelly, Republican, of Pensylvania, were the first to extend congratulations to Mr. Randall at the conclusion of his speech.

Mr. Randall concluded his speech at 12:35 and he was followed Mr. McKinley, of Ohio.

MCKINLEY'S SPEECH.

Mr. McKinley opened his speech with the declaration that the country was in a peculiar situation. While we were seeking to find objects to relieve from taxation and other nations were engaged in exploring the fields of human enterprise and human production to find new objects of taxation, all were agreed that taxation should be reduced, the only contention being as to the manner of that reduction.

He sharply contrasted the "tariff for revenue" policy of the Democrats and the "tariff for protection" policy of the Republicans. He maintained that the one meant a free admission to this country of foreign goods, which could be produced here, whenever the line of excessive revenue was reached and consequently the destruction of American industries. The other meant protection as well as revenue; it meant the stimulation to our industries and the protection of our labor in the fruits of its works; there were many illustrations of the Democratic doctrine in the bill. Wool was one of them. Cotton bagging was another. The bill meant that Calcutta and Dundee should supply us with common bagging and the countries of the East, as well. The Democrats since December had been letting our own people take care of themselves and trying to legislate for other and foreign people.

SOWDEN'S PUNISHMENT.

A Randall Democrat Gets a Thwack From Grover, Who Also Told a No-such Thing.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—(Special letter.)—The vote on the Allentown public building bill has caused more comment at the capitol than anything the President has done since he gave to a hungry country that stone which he denominated "his message." It has also caused many of the most radical friends of Mr. Cleveland's to shut their mouths tight and breathe hard. The Democratic party, they say, can engage in combat with the Republican party and hope for success, but if the Democracy is once divided—split by the President's veto axe—then the campaign my well be looked forward to with apprehension.

The Allentown bill was vetoed for no other reason than that Mr. Sowden is a Randall Democrat, and it holds that such discipline should be freely administered to all other followers of the great Pennsylvania Democratic protectionist. That the President of the United States should stoop to make war upon individual Congressmen who do not agree with him on any question would be regarded as strange were it under a Republican administration, but in these degenerate days nothing is surprising, and it will shock no one if "His Heaviness" vetoes all bills in which those other "traitor Democrats," Randall, McAdoo, Foran and their fellowship, show a more than ordinary amount of interest. Nothing would please Republicans more than to see that programme carried out in its entirety; it would make certain a Republican victory that even at this early day is almost positively assured.

Mr. Sowden's opinion of the President's truthfulness has changed very materially since the veto, for the President had promised him that in case he felt inclined to veto the bill he would notify him (Sowden) before any definite action was taken. Not only, however, was the bill vetoed without the promised warning being given, but some of Dan Lamont's sarcasm (borrowed for the occasion) was tacked on to the message, thus adding the "proverbial insult to injury." The alleged grounds on which Mr. Cleveland refuses his assent, will affect many of the bills that have been thought favorably of by both House and Senate committees on public buildings, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the Allentown bill may be passed over the President's veto.

THE FISHERIES.

The Fisheries Treaty Will be Considered in Public Session.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—It is now learned that the Republican Senatorial caucus of last evening adopted with but three dissenting votes the Riddleberger resolution to consider the fisheries treaty with open doors. Two of the dissenting Senators afterwards gave their assent, and proposed to make the action unanimous, but this was not done.

The Democratic senators who were a week ago unanimously opposed to an open consideration of the treaty are now largely inclined to join the movement. There is still a possibility that the treaty will not be taken up to-day, but there is a strong probability that a motion will be made by Senator Edmunds shortly after 2 o'clock, that the doors be closed and that a few minutes later they will be reopened, and the consideration of the treaty proceeded with in public.

THE SENATE REJECTED IT.

LATER—The Senate has decided by a vote of 28 to 27 not to consider the fisheries treaty in open session. The division was upon strict party lines, except in the case of Senator Hale, who voted with the Democrats adversely to the Riddleberger resolution.

Upon the announcement of the result the body went at once into legislative session. No time has yet been fixed for taking up the treaty.

Bonds Accepted.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The acting secretary of the treasury this afternoon accepted $6,600 bonds as follows: Four per cent. registered, $100, at $1.27; 4½ per cents, $6,500, at $1.08.

Adversely Reported.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The Senate committee on Finance to-day ordered an adverse report on the fractional currency bill, but in its place a bill will be reported reducing the fee upon postal notes for less than $1 to one cent.

Congress.

May 15.—Senate—Report of committee in Turpie case received and committee discharged....Resolutions offered: To amend the Constitution so as to allow the District of Columbia a representation in both houses of Congress....Bill passed: To limit the daily hours of letter-carriers to eight.

House—The day was taken up with the tariff debate.

May 16.—Senate—Resolutions adopted: Providing for a select committee to examine the question touching meat and meat products of the United States.... Bills passed: Appropriating $500,000 for the purpose of making final surveys and estimates for, and the commencement of the work of construction of a boat railway either in Oregon or Washington territory around the obstruction to navigation in the Columbia river at the Dalles and Celilo falls; to amend the act for the immediate transportation of dutiable goods, extending its operation to Duluth; to authorize the construction of a railroad, wagon and foot passenger bridge across the Mississippi river at Clinton, Iowa; authorizing the Forest City and Waterloo railroad company to construct a bridge across the Missouri river at Forest City, Dak.; to authorize the construction of a railroad, wagon and foot passenger bridge across the Mississippi river at Muscatine, Iowa; authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge across Red river of the North by the North Dakota & Pacific railway company; fixing the compensation of inspectors of hulls and boilers in the district of Michigan and Superior at $1,500 a year; granting right of way through Fort Riley military reservation to the Chicago, Kansas & Western railway company and to the Junction City and Fort Riley street railway; increasing the limit of cost of the public building at Sacramento, Cal., to $150,000 and appropriating $30,000 additional; relating to crimes against the postoffice department as to postal orders, second-class mail matter, obscene or offensive postal cards and envelopes, etc., (with amendments); for the presentation of badges to the officers and men of the Greely relief expedition; fixing pensions for the loss of one eye (or the sight thereof) at $16 a month and proportionately for the loss of both eyes; to authorize the leasing of the school and university lands in Wyoming; allowing aid to state homes for disabled soldiers at the rate of $100 a year for each disabled soldier and sailor maintained there, and appropriating $250,000 for the purpose; to pay various claimants for cotton taken by General Burnside to strengthen military works at Knoxeille, Tenn.; to confer brevet promotion on army officers particularly distinguished by heroic action in Indian warefare.

House—Bills passed: Appropriating $00,000 for a branch home for volunteer disabled soldiers in Grant county, Indiana. The tariff debate completed the remainder of the day.

May 17.—Senate—Bills passed: Making appropriations for pensions; to amend the revised statutes in relation to timber depredations; to establish a public park in Colorado to be called Royal Arch park; authorizing the Little Rock & Alexandria railway company to construct a bridge across the the bayou d'Arbonne, La.; for the protection of government lands in the Indian territory; to authorize United States marshals to arrest outsiders and fugitives from justice in the Indian territory; to pay certain employes in the Chicago custom-house for extra time service; appropriating $150,000 for quarters and barracks at the Presidio military reservation; Military Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers; appropriating $200,000 for a public building at San Diego, Cal.; to authorize the Fort Smith and Choctaw Bridge company to construct a bridge across the Poteau river in the Choctaw nation, near Fort Smith, Ark.

House—The entire day was spent in discussing the Mills tariff bill.

May 18.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Messrs. Randall, McKinley and Breckinridge addressed the House on the Mills tariff bill.

May 19.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Tariff speeches were delivered by Messrs. Reed of Main and Carlisle of Kentucky, and the general debate of the tariff bill closed. Several veto messages on private pension bills were received before adjournment.

May 21.—Senate—Bill passed—Appropriating $17,500 for making west end of the Smithsonian institute fire proof. Bills introduced: To perpetuate Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., a port of delivery, with privilege of inland transportation in bond; to establish a port of delivery at Grand Rapids, Mich.; appropriating $150,000 for the construction and repair of roads to the National cemetery on the Presidio reservation at San Francisco; declaring that certain "water reserve lands" in Wisconsin are and have been subject to the provisions of "the railroad right of way act" of March 3, 1875, to secure to the people the enjoyment of the first day of the week as a day of rest, and to permit observance of it as a day of religious worship; to incorporate the American Historical association. Resolution adopted: Directing the committee on military affairs to report whether some amendment ought not to be made to the laws in relation to army enlistments, so as to prevent the enlistment in time of peace of men with wives or families dependent upon them for support, without notice to or consent of their wives. Mr. Frye, from the committee on commerce, reported back the river and harbor bill, with amendments, and it was ordered to be printed and recommitted.

House—Bills introduced: Placing on the free list articles of merchandise the production of which may be controlled by trust and combinations; for a public building at Boulder, Col.; for a public building at Clinton, Iowa. Bills passed: Creating a department of agriculture; making appropriations for diplomatic and consular service; making appropriations for the District of Columbia. Resolutions adopted: To investigate the Alaska fur seal fisheries.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The Thirty-Fifth Annual Conclave of the Pennsylvanians.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 22.—The thirty-fifth annual conclave of Knights Templar of Pennsylvania began here to-day and will continue several days. This morning there was a grand parade, in which about 2,500 Sir Knights from all parts of the state participated. The weather was beautiful, and all along the route the various commanderies were greeted with applause for their soldierly bearing and excellent marching. In the afternoon the annual session of the grand lodge will be held in the opera house, and in the evening there will be a reception at the same place. The city is in holiday garb, and the streets are thronged with strangers.

The Last of Libby.

RICHMOND, Va., May 21.—The old Libby Prison building has been turned over to W. H. Gray, of Chicago, its purchaser the price paid being, it is said, $23,000. The work of removing the historic structure to Chicago, where it will be used as a museum, will be commenced at once. Sidetracks will be run alongside the building, which will be taken down piecemeal and carefully numbered, so that it may be set up in Chicago exactly as it stands here to-day. Some feeling has been expressed in this city against permitting the removal of the old landmark, but the general sentiment is that as Mr. Gray has bought and paid for the building, no obstacles should be placed in the way of his disposing of it as he sees fit.

Modification of Wine Tax.

LONDON, May 19.—Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has informed M. Waddington, the ambassador, that he intends to propose a modification of the foreign wine tax after the Whitsuntide recess of Parliament.

CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Where and How the Tickets Will Be Distributed—The Work in the Great Building.

CHICAGO, May 22.—The sub-committee of the National Republican committee has been in session in Chicago for two days, arranging the details of the convention, and deciding upon the distribution of and the allotment of seats to the press and other matters of detail. The seating capacity of the hall is 7,000, thus necessitating a smaller apportionment of seats than heretofore.

The committee decided to give to each delegate three general tickets for distribution and one press ticket to each delegate, thus enabling the delegates to take care of the local press in either district or state.

One hundred and forty-seven working seats at tables are provided for such of the larger daily newspapers as will make up and send out from the hall special telegraphic reports, to supplement the reports of the Associated Press.

No other papers, excepting those sending out special reports, can be given representation at these tables. In the 147 seats are included the seats required by the Associated Press and the United Press, and official stenographers.

The local press committee was directed to carry out these provisions, and also notified that the largest number of working tickets or seats given to any paper should be three. The greater portion of the daily papers taking reports will have but one seats. Alternate delegates will have no tickets except their own, or none for distribution.

It has been the usual custom to give to the city where the national convention is held, fifteen per cent. of the tickets. The committee has reduced this for this convention to ten per cent. The remaining tickets will be divided between the press, members of Congress, governors of states, and other distinguished guests.

THE FLOODS.

The Water Subsiding and a Scene of Desolation Brought to View.

QUINCY, Ill., May 21.—(Special.)—The great flood in the Mississippi, which will be remembered as without a precedent in the destruction and suffering created, is slowly subsiding and it is thought that the worst of the high water is passed. The worst that could happen has already occurred, hundreds of families having been rendered homeless and thousands of acres of growing crops ruined, to say nothing of the loss entailed by demolished dwellings, wrecked fences and washouts.

A trip through the submerged regions shows that the loss and suffering already published have not been exaggerated in the least. From the northern end of Adams county to the southern end of Pike county the land on the Illinois side of the river was protected by a system of levees, the region embracing 250,000 acres, the soil being the richest in the state.

All the region is now a vast lake from 6 to 10 feet in depth.

Along the bluffs on the eastern edge of the submerged district hundred of families are camped living in tents, huts and in the open air. Before the flood most of these people were well to do, prosperous farmers, but now they have little or nothing.

Much sickness prevails among the unfortunates, owing to want and exposure, but prompt measures have been taken to alleviate their sufferings.

The inundated regions are full of desolation. Deserted homesteads, with the water lapping the eaves, are the most frequent sights as the train passes by. But here and there is a spark of life not yet extinguished by the all destroying waters. While the vast majority of the inhabitants fled to the higher land, a few were not granted time to get away, or misjudged the character of the breaks in the levee and determined to stay with their homes, and are now living in the garrets or roofs of their houses.

Every roof has been turned into a place of refuge for live stock, poultry, etc., but numberless houses have been lifted from their foundation and carrried away with the irresistible current or demolished entirely.

In the Sny levee district, below this city, the situation is infinit